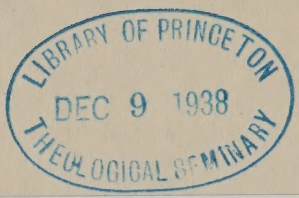
City Shadows

Robert W. Searle



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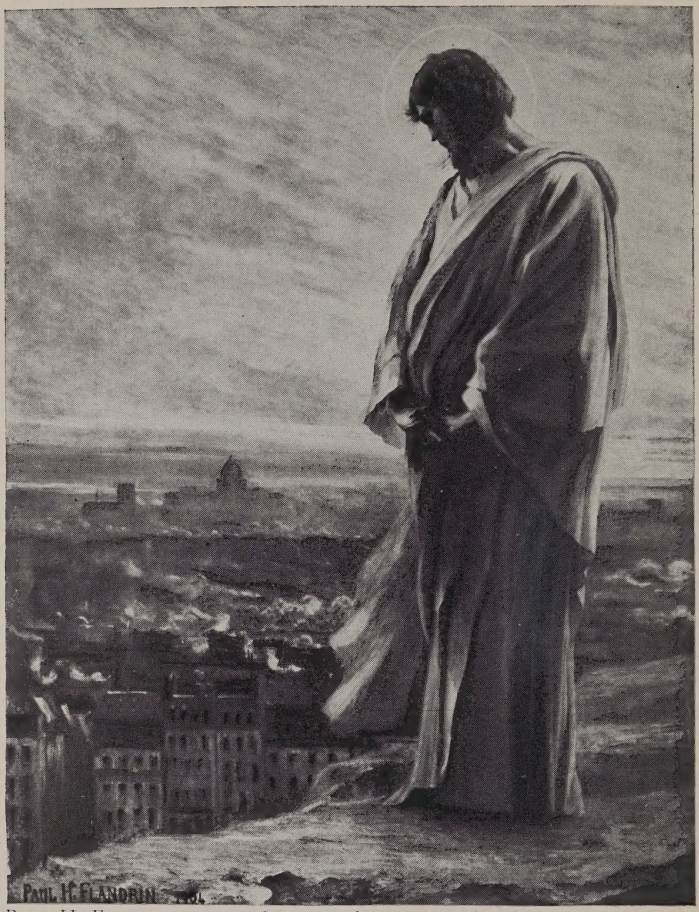
CITY SHADOWS



PAUL H. FLANDRIN *Courtesy of Braun & Cie, New York and Paris*

"He beheld the city—"

CITY SHADOWS

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BY
ROBERT W. SEARLE

FRIENDSHIP PRESS
NEW YORK

ROBERT W. SEARLE, D.D., received his A.B. degree from Rutgers University in 1915. After teaching for a year he entered New Brunswick Theological Seminary, where his course was interrupted by the World War, in which he served first in the ambulance service and then in the field artillery. On leaving the seminary in 1921 he became assistant minister of the Fort Washington Collegiate Church of New York City. In 1923 he was called to the pastorate of the First Reformed Church of Albany, New York, where he remained for seven years, leaving at the end of that period to become associate pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City. In 1929 he was given the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Rutgers University. Since 1934 he has been general secretary of the Greater New York Federation of Churches.

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To Helen Menzies Searle

WHOSE HELP IS CONSTANT
WHOSE LIFE DISPELS SHADOWS
AND THROUGH WHOM GOD'S SPIRIT MINISTERS

FOREWORD

This is a book about the most important part of a city—its people. It is true that in the pages that follow, you will not meet all the people of any city, but it is also true that you will meet people who dwell in every city. The characters now waiting to be introduced to you are real people and their stories are true; but they are also for the most part typical, and if you open your eyes you will find them among your neighbors.

Appended to each story is a list of questions. A group desiring to use the book as a text for study should obtain as precise answers as possible for each series of questions. If this be done, by the time the course is ended such a group will have completed a study of the human needs of their community and of many of the methods which society has organized to meet those needs. It will be discovered that there are many unmet needs and others for which provision is pathetically inadequate. Will it not, then, be the obligation of the group to consider what can be done—

what they themselves can do? Let them remember that part of their task will be the enlisting of other groups to work with them. Those churches which seriously face the need that all around them lies will discover each other and the call to united service in the name of Jesus Christ.

I am under the pleasant obligation of expressing my gratitude to those who have helped so greatly in bringing this task to completion, to the Youth Committee of the Missionary Education Movement and its editors, Mr. Franklin D. Cogswell and Miss Margery W. Smith, for their most constructive suggestions and their patient care of detail; to Miss Jean Gardner, my secretary, for her skillful typing of a difficult manuscript; to Mr. Albert Ludlow Kramer, whose Christian friendship in these last few years has opened doors of spiritual understanding; and finally to those brave people of the New York slums whose constant courage and kindliness bless all who are privileged to minister to them.

This book is sent forth in the earnest prayer that whoever reads may be constrained by God's spirit to serve and that the followers of Jesus in every city may unite to bring in the Kingdom.

R. W. S.

New York City
April, 1938

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Who Is My Neighbor?

And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?

And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go and do thou likewise.

—*Luke* 10:25-37

1: A CASE AGAINST SOCIETY

THE JUDGE WATCHED SYMPATHETICALLY as the boy was led out of the room. He knew that the decision just made had cast a permanent blight on the young life. He knew that the chances were that it marked the commitment of the boy to a criminal career—but the alternative had offered even less hope. It was as though the judge had stood with this fourteen-year-old at the fork in the road. His office imposed on him the necessity of determining which way should be chosen. But in reality there had been practically no choice. The boy was guilty.

The judge could have suspended sentence and put him on probation, but that would have been futile. The probation officers were good and able men, but their case loads were so heavy as to make it impossible for them to do real work with individuals. The boy would have slipped back into the old environment which had already demonstrated its degrading effect and within a few months he would have been brought into court again.

On the other hand, there were the so-called "corrective institutions." That meant segregation with other offenders, many of them vicious. It meant a training course in crime, as many authorities agreed after studying the case histories of criminals. And when the term was up, where else could the boy go save back to the old environment with the additional handicap of a record? Society would always hold that against him in its unforgiving way. Out of necessity the judge had chosen this latter way—at least that would protect society for a brief period from the boy's depredations.

After the boy had gone, the judge addressed the attendants and the few others who were in the court.

"I have just performed an act of moral injustice under the constraint of legal justice. The boy was guilty. He had done harm—he would doubtless do more harm if unrestrained. I take this into consideration. But granting all that, the boy was really the victim. Society has done him more harm, vastly more, than he has done to society. Society has blighted his life and distorted his nature. It has driven him over the border into the realm of lawlessness, and has then ordered his arrest and condemnation because he was found lawless. The real criminals in this case go free in this earthly assize. They are respected members of this community. Every day such cases come before

this court, and every day this court is compelled to indulge in such a travesty of justice."

The judge picked up his papers and left the courtroom.

He had closed the case of the state against Paul Redfield—but he had opened the case of Paul Redfield against society.

Consider the evidence.

Paul Redfield scarcely remembered the father who had brought his family to the city when he was two years old. Paul's father had come to the city because he was dying. He had worked in a quarry and as a result had contracted silicosis. But the state had not recognized silicosis as an industrial disease and of course the company for whom he had worked felt no obligation in the matter. When the man no longer had the strength to work he was summarily dismissed. The family had turned toward the city for two reasons. They had fixed hope in the better medical resources which the city provided, and they had felt that the mother could more readily get work to keep the family together. The first hope had proved vain. The sick man was past help and he had died a lingering death. For months he had lain around the house, but his last few weeks had been spent in the hospital.

The mother was a good cook and she had soon found work with a private family. It was necessary

for her to leave home at six-thirty every morning and she was unable to return before nine or nine-thirty in the evening except on Thursday, and every other Sunday, when she had a half day off. For this work she received fifteen dollars a week and her meals. She paid seven dollars and fifty cents a week for the rent of two unheated rooms, and from the other seven-fifty she had to provide food, fuel, clothes, carfare, and any incidentals.

When Paul was little she had been able to put him in a day nursery, but once he reached school age, the problem created by her long absences from home was unsolvable. Mornings when she went to work she left Paul eating his breakfast. She would provide sufficient food for the day and show him carefully how to prepare it. Soon the youngster was quite adept at getting his meals. The problem of his leisure time was a different matter. On weekdays he was, of course, busy until school let out, but on Saturdays and Sunday mornings and during the long vacation months he was completely footloose. All that the mother could do was to tie a key about his neck, leave him to his own resources, and hope for the best.

The street became his playground, and for the most part his companions were children as free and irresponsible as himself. Fortunately he escaped the peril of flying wheels. An early tragedy in which

he nearly was a victim had taught him caution. The boys were playing tag on the sidewalk one night and Paul, attempting to elude capture, dashed across the street, another boy right on his heels. Just at that moment a car passed by. It was all over instantly. Paul had only been brushed and knocked down, but the other was hit squarely and killed.

Soon the confines of the block became too narrow. The boys began to range the neighborhood. In the process they made all sorts of discoveries, but the one which thrilled them most was a vacant tenement which had been boarded up. They soon found a way to get into that empty house and it became a rendezvous where the group developed into a gang.

Later on, from time to time they came across other gangs and sometimes arguments started. Soon, however, these casual contacts grew into planned warfare. In this stage Paul came into leadership of the gang. He was the best and most courageous fighter. During one of their early battles with some boys five blocks down the avenue a store window had been broken. They had been chased by the police and because they got away it had been exciting fun.

Truancy from school came next. It was on the first snowy day of the winter that Paul, meeting two of the boys on the way to school, started a snowball fight. Time passed quickly and before they knew

it they were late. So they decided to make the best of it and instead of throwing snowballs at each other they ranged the neighborhood looking for targets. Three times they had exciting escapes.

Paul got the first public mark against him in the afternoon. Another gang battle had been stimulated by the snow. Another window was broken. This time Paul was caught. The policeman took him to the precinct station house. There the desk sergeant tried to scare him. When he was released he became a hero who had been captured by the enemy. Within the week his mother received two complaints against him—one for the broken window and the other for the truancy. That was the first of many absences from school.

By this time the boys had learned a new game. There being no orchards around, they directed their attention against fruit stands; and they harried the merchants in the neighborhood until again Paul got caught. Two other boys were apprehended with him. The law bore down more heavily because of the number of the complaints. No punishment, however, was given other than a stronger tongue lashing and a sterner complaint to Paul's mother. She broke down when the policeman brought Paul home that evening. It hurt Paul to see her cry, and for a while he behaved himself.

A heavy winter naturally limited the gang's outdoor activity, and before long just hanging around the old house talking and boasting grew pretty tame. They wanted to go to the movies but the occasional nickel or dime that their mothers could spare them fell far short of their needs. It was at this critical period that the boys learned the marketable value of lead pipe.

Suddenly the old house became a gold mine. At first the boys were careful to replace any floor or wall boards which were removed in their quest for pipe. Soon, however, they grew careless on that score. Thus it happened that on a certain Friday the agent for the property—making a casual inspection—discovered the theft and reported it to the police. Paul, quite unsuspecting, came to the house early the following morning. He was busy prying up some flooring on the third floor when a strong hand laid hold upon his coat collar and jerked him to his feet. The officer shook him roughly, called him some uncomplimentary names, and dragged him out of the house.

This time Paul was arrested. At the hearing he admitted the theft. The judge talked to him in a stern but kindly manner, promising another chance. Paul was put on probation. The probation officers were decent to the boy. They tried to interest him in more

wholesome activities. They visited in his home, but they had very little time to spend on this boy, only one among many responsibilities. Moreover there were so few activities that were legitimate and at the same time fun in which Paul could engage that the officers' efforts were of little avail.

That stolen lead pipe had meant money to the boys, and money meant movies and candy and fun. The deprivation due to their good behavior was hard to endure.

When spring came they began to engage extensively in a forbidden sport which they had only sampled before. They hooked rides on the back of trolleys, buses, and cars. It became a game to see how much ground they could cover in a given period of time. For the most part people paid little attention to them. The driver might stop and yell at them, but he couldn't very well leave his car and chase them.

One day when Paul was having a fine ride on the back of a private car driven by a woman a suggestion came to him. He had jumped off the car when it had stopped for a red light, and while he was watching for it to start again he had noticed the driver pick up her pocketbook, open it to take out her handkerchief and lay it down again on the front seat. As he rode along, he found himself figuring

how he could get that pocketbook. He decided that it would be easy. He would stay with the car until it was running beside the railroad wall. There were few people on the street there. When the car stopped for a light he would move up alongside. Just as it was starting and the driver's hands were busy with the gears, he would jump on the running board, grab the pocketbook and run.

Eagerly he waited till the right spot was reached, and then the thing worked more easily than he had imagined. That night he had eighteen dollars and he blew the gang to a celebration.

Success brought about repetition, and for three days in a row Paul got away with the game. The fourth day he dashed around the corner straight into the arms of a policeman stationed there to watch for him.

Again Paul was brought to court. He had been taken in the act with the evidence upon him. He confessed the other three thefts. His record was produced—the truancy, the broken window, the stolen fruit, the stolen pipe.

The judge sentenced him to four years in a correctional institution.

That is the case of the state against Paul Redfield—but it is also the case of Paul Redfield against society.

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

What constitutes juvenile delinquency?

How many cases have been recorded in your community in each of the last five years?

On a map of your city, shade in the areas of delinquency.

What peculiar characteristics have these neighborhoods?

What judicial agency deals with juveniles?

Where are they confined?

Are they segregated from older offenders?

What is your community doing to prevent crime?

Is there any Christian training available in your community for juvenile delinquents?

Have you sufficient recreational resources? Are there recreational facilities for winter?

Have you "Big Brothers" and "Big Sisters"?

Have you clubs, Scouts and other group organizations?

2: FORGOTTEN CHILDREN

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON PUBLIC SCHOOL stood in a thickly populated but socially forgotten neighborhood. East of it lay the first residence section of the city. To the north was the business center. But nobody from the fine homes or the big offices ever had occasion to go near the Washington School —so that save for those who lived there or came in to carry on humanitarian service, very few people in the city had any idea what the neighborhood was like.

Its population was certainly cosmopolitan. Many races and nationalities mingled in its streets, and there were multitudes of children. Their parents were for the most part the least successful of the foreign born population of the city. Among them were many who had come from the sugar plantations of Puerto Rico and who had no other qualifications for American urban life than their citizenship. The tenements were old and unrepaired. In addition they were badly overcrowded, because the general poverty that prevailed

made it necessary for several families, sometimes, to share one apartment. The tenement dwellers had lost whatever impulse they might once have had to keep things neat. Altogether it was one of the worst specimens that could be found of those underprivileged and forgotten areas so common to our proud cities.

Miss Catherine Shannon was worried—worried but not beaten. Miss Shannon was the principal of the George Washington School. She knew something of what she was getting into when two years ago she had accepted the principal's task. Her more selfishly ambitious friends had advised her not to take it. "It's a blind alley," they said; "you can't do anything except bury yourself there. If you do a good job they won't want to move you—but you can't do a good job so if you go you should figure on being right there for the rest of your life. Either way it will be the same."

Today Miss Shannon remembered what they had said. Fortunately she also remembered how she had reacted. She reminded herself that she hadn't come to make a name for Catherine Shannon, but that she had definitely chosen to come because she had believed that the human need was greatest here. Well, it certainly was greater than she had realized. The school was antiquated—so were many others in the city. The classrooms were terribly overcrowded—that was not

unusual. What she had not realized was that any section of the city could be so terrible—that children could be surrounded with so completely vicious an environment. Just that day she had been confronted with facts concerning the home life of three of her eighth grade girls—facts that appalled her. How could she wrestle with problems such as these singlehanded? What could secular training do for children subject to such moral blight?

At this point Catherine Shannon's deep religious nature rose to her assistance. She turned to the telephone and dialed a number. Announcing herself, she asked if she might come at once to see Father Dunning. Informed that she could, she put on her hat and coat and went out.

Father Dunning welcomed her and listened intently as she unburdened her heart. She began with the latest problem and then went back over the evidence of the last two years to indicate how completely bereft of any moral or ethical sense many of her children were. At the end she asked in despair, "What can I do?"

The priest was silent for a few moments. Then he murmured, "That's terrible. To think that in this city, such things could be so." After a pause, "Those children ought to be reached with religion. That is what they need. But those parents will never put

them in the way of it. What a pity that we lean so far backward in this country. Actually our schools are opposing religion by not recognizing its essential place in education. And this is a case in point. You can't teach them ethics and morals along with English and history and mathematics. But you know that. Tell me, Miss Shannon, what is the religious background of the children? There are children nominally Catholic, I take it, and there are Protestants. Are there also Jews, and what proportion of each?"

Miss Shannon replied that there were a few Jewish children, but that mostly they were of Protestant and Catholic background. "I can't make a census," she said, adding with a cynical smile, "That would be mixing religion with education!"

"But can you do this?" asked the priest. "Can you send notes to the children's parents asking if they want them to have religious moral training after school and asking them as well to designate whether they want Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish training?"

Miss Shannon thought a moment, then answered, "Yes, I could. Someone might make a complaint but —well, if the Board of Education would listen to such a complaint, I don't want to work under them any more. I wish they could see what I see. I'll make a census, too, whether they like it or not. It can be done without any disturbance."

"Fine," said Father Dunning. "Now I'll tell you what. I'll see to it that all the Catholic children get teaching after school. You write a note to Mr. Blair Howell at the Protestant Federation of Churches—ask him to come to see you and talk the thing over. Better have him come to you so he can see conditions for himself."

And so it came about that three days later Blair Howell, the educational secretary of the Protestant Federation of Churches, entered the office of Miss Catherine Shannon, the Roman Catholic principal of the George Washington Public School.

Two hours later he took his leave. As he stood in the door, he said, "I promise you that some way or other we will take care of all the children whose parents want them to have Protestant instruction. That will at least be the start. Once we get that under way we'll consider the next step. Meantime you'll let me know at once what your investigation develops."

Back in his office Blair Howell got out his map of the city. He discovered that there were churches of five denominations within the district in which the school was located. He noted that two were partially foreign-language churches, and that probably all were mission churches. Carefully he worked out a letter to their pastors, setting down the situa-

tion as Miss Shannon had explained it, presenting as forcefully as he could the challenge and the opportunity of this situation. He ended with an invitation for them to meet at a convenient place in the neighborhood in order to consider the possibility of setting up a joint weekday school of religion. At the same time he invited the president of the Protestant Teachers' Association to meet with them.

The day before the appointment he called these pastors by phone to check up on the engagement. One of them was quite distant in his tone. He said that he was sorry, but he could not conscientiously enter into any common program as that could not possibly conform with his ideas of what proper religious education involved. One other responded that he had too much to do already and could not take on any more responsibility. The other three promised to attend.

At the meeting, however, only two of the three appeared—but they made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. Particularly cooperative was an Italian pastor. Before the meeting broke up the plans were laid. One church quite near the school was chosen as the center. Equipment would be loaned by the other church and the Federation, supported by the Protestant Teachers' Association, would supply teachers as the need indicated.

At this point in the discussion Mr. Howell called up Miss Shannon to ask if by any chance she had succeeded in getting the information about the religious background of her children. He came away from the phone to report elatedly, "Miss Shannon has done more than she promised. In the first place, she says that there are four hundred and fifty-seven children in the school who consider themselves Protestant. Only thirty-three of these have ever had any religious training in a church school. Yesterday she sent home notes to all their parents asking if they wanted their children to have religious instruction after school. She has a hundred and forty-five affirmative answers back today. She wants to know when we can start operating."

The group were thrilled by the opportunity that so suddenly offered itself. They were eager to get things under way at once, and they set their plans to begin the work the following week. Then the significance of Miss Shannon's survey began to dawn upon them. The Italian minister caught it first. "How many Protestant children did she say had had any training?"

"Thirty-three out of four hundred and fifty-seven," answered Howell. "Are you surprised at that? This is an extreme case, of course, but I venture to say that an accurate survey would show that not half

the children of the city are receiving any religious training—Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish. Of the three groups we Protestants are probably reaching the smallest proportion of those who are our special responsibility. Of course the Jewish children get more home training, especially around the holiday season—and the Catholics have their parochial schools in addition to their confirmation classes."

"What can we do about it? Why are we failing?" the eager Italian asked.

"We are failing because we are waiting for the children to come to us, somehow hoping that the parents will send them," answered Howell. "And we are failing because each church is going its own way. What is everybody's responsibility becomes nobody's responsibility.

"Take this situation here. All the children in this community are enrolled in this school. You pastors and those who did not bother to come were unaware of this condition. It never occurred to you to find out how many children came within the field of your responsibility, did it? You couldn't do much about it alone, could you? It would be terrible, wouldn't it, if every one of our individual denominational churches started coming after the schools to recruit children? What a pretty picture of competition we should present.

"Then, too, it would be much harder to get the children to go on Sunday—certainly at first. And our experience leads us to believe that the weekday schools are more effective than the Sunday schools because they are in direct comparison with the public schools, and because the loyal teachers of the Protestant Teachers' Association are behind them and because we can not only teach our religion itself, but we can inject its values into the secular education."

"I wonder," said the second pastor, "if we are abusing religious education and with it the child. Are we adding Sunday schools like hothouses to our churches? Are we thinking of the children mostly as potential church members to be harvested annually as they reach adolescence? Think what it would mean if all of us in all churches would unite our energies and go out to bring the knowledge of Christ to all the children of the city—and we could do it, couldn't we, if we would rally the churches by groups around the schools and make our first approach through such weekday schools?"

"We could," replied Howell. "We could if we would. But five of you were asked to face this problem here today. Two of you came. We can go ahead this way, but how much it would mean if when five were challenged, five came."

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

How many children are enrolled in the public schools of your city?

What proportion of them are Protestant?

How many are enrolled in your Sunday schools?

What is the proportion in the underprivileged sections of the city?

Are there any weekday or daily vacation schools?

Is there any religious teaching in the public schools?

Is there any in the private schools?

Would the school authorities permit "released time" training? (Released time means the dismissal of children certain hours each week for religious training according to their choice.)

Are your churches taking religious training to the children or are they waiting for the children to come to them?

Have the Protestant teachers formed an association, not as an opposition group, but for constructive purposes?

Would your churches work together to meet the needs for the religious education of children?

3: THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW

MISS JONES, THE CHURCH WORKER, WAS at her desk late one afternoon in early spring. She was working upon a particularly important report. Her concentration was interrupted by the familiar ring of the telephone. At first she was inclined to disregard it. It probably was something unimportant that could just as well wait for another time. With a feeling of irritation she put the receiver to her ear, and tried to conceal her resentment as she said hello.

Immediately a feminine voice poured a torrent of unintelligible language into her ear. The speaker was excited, there was no doubt of that. Also it was evident that her excitement arose from alarm verging on panic. It was impossible to do more than sense her feeling because in her excitement she would lapse into a foreign tongue and the English words that did come through were so distorted that it was practically impossible to identify them.

Miss Jones asked her to speak slowly and calmly.

The woman tried but it was no use. Finally Miss Jones concentrated on her name and address and after some repeating back and forth managed to make certain who it was that was trying to tell something that was frightfully important. Miss Jones told her not to say anything more—that she would come immediately.

Her destination led her into a dreary tenement area not far from the church. Most of the houses had been built before the days when social and human necessities had begun to be recognized by housing laws. The streets were filled with children at play. She marveled as always at their ability to escape the potential death speeding by on careless wheels. Each block along the crosstown street was like the other; the same worn and crowded doorsteps, the same monotony of drab, dark paint, chosen for its ability to camouflage dirt and decay.

She entered at the number that had been given. On each side of the little vestibule were ten tin mail boxes. Over each was a name. Sure enough—among them was the name that she had understood with so much difficulty. It was one of those Central European names that included a seemingly impossible combination of consonants. Now to find her caller. No numbers were given, and experience had demonstrated the fact that there was no relation between

the position of the mail box and the location of the flat. She made her way from floor to floor, thankful for a small flashlight. There was a name on each door but the halls were too dark to make it distinguishable without that light.

On reaching the fourth floor she heard a plaintive sobbing. The sound guided her to a door like all the others. At her knock the sobbing ceased and the door was opened by an utterly discouraged-looking woman.

The two sat down in the kitchen of that little three-room flat with its windowless inner rooms. And then with a fresh upsurge of grief the story burst forth. Rose had been arrested. The policeman said she had stolen a dress. She was at the detention home. She would be brought into court tomorrow morning.

That was all this mother knew of the immediate facts. Confronted by them she was completely overwhelmed. Her husband was at work where she couldn't reach him with a message. Recently Rose had started going to the Sunday school and so in her desperation the mother reached out to the church.

Knowing that Rose was all right for the time being and that a little meditation would not do her any harm, Miss Jones said that she would see her later and would go to the court in the morning to discover what might be done. Then she drew this

bewildered woman to open up her heart—for it was very clear that behind her grief there were years of pent-up misery.

1. ANNA

Thirty-seven years ago, Anna had been living in a small town in southeastern Europe. She was the second child among ten, the oldest being a boy. Times were hard and food was scarce. There were just too many mouths to feed. And so it was decided that Anna should go to America. There was a distant relative there to whom she could be sent.

Anna was fourteen and big for her age. The family tried to overcome her timidity with stories about the wonder of America and its marvelous opportunities. They had seen letters from acquaintances who wrote back in glowing terms. Of course these were exaggerated reports. Those who went away never wrote of their failures. Anna listened. She still feared but she also hoped. At last the day came and she was crowded into steerage with hundreds of others, men, women, and children, all of them filled with the mingled emotions of hope and fear.

The year 1910 was a heavy one at Ellis Island. Immigrants poured through at the rate of seventy thousand a month. During the month of July young

Anna, aged fourteen but looking sixteen, and not understanding a single word of English, was one of these. That stay on Ellis Island had been a nightmare—the masses of immigrants, the heat, the officials who tried to be patient but whose nerves were worn to the point where patience was impossible. Added to these were the girl's loneliness, her inability to make herself understood, and the utter strangeness of it all. Even now, years afterward, Anna would wake up shuddering from horrible dreams thrust up by memory.

At length she could be admitted to the America which must be henceforth her home. The little girl from the small European town was met by her mother's cousin, whom she had never seen, and taken on a swift ride on a kind of train of which she had never dreamed. It ran high above the city streets and as she rode she gazed into the windows of other people's homes and saw spreading on either side of the train unending reaches of houses—more than she had believed the whole world contained. In wonder she forgot for a moment her fear; but then the vastness of it all flung itself upon her and her fear deepened with the rising sense of her insignificance in this unbounded city.

Meantime her companion made a few half-hearted attempts to be kind, but he was of little help for he

had been a great disappointment to the girl. She did not know quite what sort of man she had expected to see. Certainly anyone who had lived in America for twenty-five years must have made his fortune. It had immediately struck her that something was wrong. The man had seemed so tired and so broken in spirit. Why, her father had been much more sprightly in spite of the long hours of work and the meager meals.

Of course American clothes were different, but this man quite apparently was not so well dressed as many much younger men whom she saw. Perhaps after all not everyone who came to America made a great success and perhaps she might be one of those who failed. She wanted at once to have him tell her the meaning of things in the new language. But he seemed to prefer to speak her familiar tongue. And so by the time the ride was ended the hope had dwindled a bit and the fear had increased.

They got off the train and walked down a long flight of stairs to the street. It was after seven o'clock, for he had not been able to meet her until after his work was finished. And now she discovered that the big houses that she had seen must hold more than one family. There were so many children in the street —so many old people sitting on the steps—so many young people on the sidewalk standing in groups or

passing on their way somewhere. The young people cheered her. They were vital and alert. They seemed very happy. Some of them were quite evidently very well dressed according to the American fashion. But the older people—they all looked tired and unhappy. Perhaps it was the stifling heat. Until Anna had boarded the ship she had never realized what it meant to be shut away from the moving air.

After walking for what seemed to her very many blocks, they turned in at a house just like all the rest, on a block just like all the rest. Here for a moment hope rose again. Immediately an eager crowd of older folk gathered round her, all of them excitedly talking, speaking the language she could understand. But she soon realized that they were all much more anxious to ask about the old country than they were to tell about the new—and they all spoke the old tongue of the homeland even when talking to each other.

Anna was finally led into the house. She climbed dark stairs that wound upward through dark halls. On the fourth floor they entered a door. She did not realize it then but this was to be her home for the rest of her life. She was to grow accustomed to this ill-lit, unventilated place. The windowless bedroom which that first night seemed like the close, dark hold of the ship was to be a cave into which she

would escape from her fears of the great strange city which lay all about her. Here in this house where everybody spoke the old language—where food was cooked in the familiar way—where familiar customs were preserved, Anna settled down with something of relief from her fears. Little did she realize that this was the end of her hopes.

The next day Anna was introduced to her employer—a job having already been found for her. She was to be a cigar maker and the workshop was located on the very next block. For four years she moved in that narrow orbit with the same routine of association. Then her mother's cousin died, and Anna was left alone to support the woman who had been his wife. Not for long though. Anna was a pretty girl and she was soon married to a young man named Otto who had come from her homeland at the age of nineteen. On his arrival three years before he, too, had come to live on this same block. He, too, had gone to work with people who spoke his old language and he had come to learn little more about the city than did Anna. Otto moved into Anna's home. For two years they both went out to work. Then Rose was born and Anna had to stay at home.

When Rose grew old enough to run about, Anna was reluctantly compelled to take her to the street to play. The three small rooms were very dark and

crowded and the child had to have air and activity. There were plenty of other children on the sidewalk, so from the start Rose had not lacked for playmates. Most of the children, even those who were younger than Rose, came down to the street alone and went back by themselves when their mothers called them from the windows. But Anna could not bring herself to let Rose go alone. The sidewalk was too narrow and the cars sped by with too much unconcern.

So each morning when the flat was tidied she went down with Rose and sat on the steps, calling to her whenever she got too near the curb or ranged too far up or down the sidewalk. Again in the afternoon the process would be repeated.

That had worked all right until these rather short excursions proved unsatisfactory to Rose. The other children came out as soon as they had eaten. They stayed out until it was time to eat again. Soon Rose began to be impatient at the delay. Immediately after breakfast she began to tease and kept it up so incessantly that finally Anna let her go by herself. When the child was gone she hurried through her work and dashed downstairs almost in a panic.

For a while after Frank, the second child, was born Anna was unable to take Rose down. At first she had kept her in the flat, but the child almost drove her

frantic by her insistence. Once more she yielded and thus Rose began her independent life on the sidewalks of the city. By the time Anna could come down regularly she had become accustomed to letting Rose go by herself. Thus the chaperonage was discontinued except for the brief interval a year later when little Billy, who lived next door, had both legs broken by a truck that cut close to the curb where he was playing. It was an old truck. The driver had no insurance and no money, so Billy's parents spent a large part of their savings in hospital and doctor's bills.

There had been no real rift in the relationships of mother and child, however, until Rose had started to school. She soon began to speak English and grew to dislike the only language that Anna knew. Her few words of English were of little help. When Rose was thirteen, Anna realized that she was ashamed of her mother and father and their foreign ways. Anna had long since lost control of her and scarcely knew where she went. As the years went by it had become worse. Last week they had argued about a new dress which Rose wanted for a party. Last night Rose had not come home and today the policeman had come to tell her that her oldest daughter had been arrested.

That was Anna's story, but how would Rose tell her version?

2. ROSE

By the time Rose was old enough to go to school she knew more English words than her mother or her father. At school of course only English was used. During the play periods when any of the children began to talk in a foreign language many of the others would laugh at them or mimic them, so that before long Rose was living in a completely English-speaking world, ashamed of her parents' language. That sense of shame was gradually transferred to the parents. Remembering her experience at school, whenever she was out with her mother and her mother talked the old language Rose would look cautiously around to see if anyone was laughing. No one ever was, but the fear that it might happen became almost an obsession with the child. She began talking English to her parents, pretending that she did not understand them when they addressed her in their familiar tongue.

Anna and Otto, vaguely realizing what was happening, made an effort to learn English. Otto started going to night school and then tried to pass on to Anna what he was learning. But after a few weeks he gave it up. His daily work was hard and the hours

were long. He just couldn't compel himself to continue these evening studies. Instead he and Anna decided to have Rose teach them. So in the evening, after supper, they would sit down at the table with their little daughter as a master. At first this was great fun for Rose—to be teaching her parents and correcting their mistakes. Soon, however, it began to pall on her—the other children were having an extra hour of play and her parents were so slow to learn, especially Anna. It was out of this experience that she came to feel that she knew much more than they did—even to believe that her mother was a bit stupid.

At the school much was made of the United States. There were ceremonies on special days and speeches from time to time in addition to the regular formal act of pledging allegiance to the flag. Rose thought of herself as a little American girl, and like most childish conceptions of patriotism (never outgrown by many people) hers emphasized the superiority of the United States in everything, and in comparison the inferiority of all other nations. Anything that wasn't thoroughly American was different and anything different was of a lower order. In this lower order, half consciously, she classified her parents.

It was true that her father had taken out first papers, but he was almost utterly discouraged with the attempt to learn the answers to the questions in

the naturalization examination. Therefore he wasn't American yet, while she of course was and consequently she could look down on him. At times she felt sorry for this, for in her heart she loved her mother and father. But whenever they crossed her in anything or attempted to impose their authority, impatience would rise to disdain. She would angrily dismiss her parents' objections to her desires with the remark that they couldn't understand. And they couldn't, try as they would. Everything was so different here in America from the experience of their childhood that they felt utterly helpless in the face of Rose's rebellion. As time went on she carried off the victory more and more easily until by the time she was fifteen she did about as she pleased.

Rose grew to be very pretty. She was more popular with the boys than with the girls. She was always ashamed of her clothes, but as long as the boys failed to notice them she didn't worry much. She knew that her family was poor, and she could readily understand that almost all of the money must go for rent and food. As for spending money, the boys took care of that.

Of course Rose had to meet the boys outside her home. Her father and mother would not particularly have objected to their coming in, but with six people, four children and two adults, there just wasn't

any place in the home for young people. It was the same in the homes of all her friends. So the gang either hung around the sidewalk or the drugstore or went to the movies. More frequently, when Rose was fifteen, they started going to the dance halls. Once Rose was challenged on account of her age, but only once, for the police supervision was lax and Rose looked older than her actual age. In these places she began to learn a lot which later on was destined to add misery and suffering to her life.

It was soon after her sixteenth birthday that the problem of clothes became acute. She was in the movies one night when George, to whom she had been devoted for the last three months, said something which made her realize that he noticed clothes. It was a casual sort of expression of admiration for one of the actresses on the screen, followed by the words, "Look at that dress. She looks swell."

Rose immediately compared her own appearance to that of the actress and grew more and more self-conscious about her own appearance. She felt sure that on that night as they came out of the picture house he looked her over disapprovingly and it seemed to her he was a bit indifferent as they walked home.

The next week she had seen him twice talking with a girl named Marjorie down the block. Rose knew that she was better looking than Marjorie, but

Marjorie's parents had more money and she was usually flashily dressed.

The next Friday evening there was to be a dance at the Settlement. George had asked her to go with him. As the day came nearer Rose could think of nothing but of her desire for a new dress. Monday evening she ventured the question to her mother. It was just a feeler. Rose knew that her father was only working three days a week, and that there couldn't possibly be any available money. She was not surprised, therefore, when her mother merely answered that it was impossible to think of such a thing.

But Rose did think. She thought until she was obsessed. She considered borrowing a dress—but George would know what she had done. On Wednesday in school she conceived the idea that her father could borrow the money or that her mother could buy the dress on the installment plan. Armed with these two possible solutions, she could hardly wait to get home in order to propose them to her parents. They would both be there for this was one of the days when her father was not working.

Rose almost ran home from school and, bursting into the room which served as kitchen, bathroom, living room, and her own sleeping room, started talking as she flung open the door. The very force of her onset put her parents on the defensive. Her father

and mother could not have imagined themselves rushing in upon their parents in this way.

Thinking that the installment idea sounded best she proposed it first. Her mother replied to that. The family very wisely had never been drawn into this vicious scheme for enslaving the poor. They wouldn't begin now. Why, just this morning Mrs. Boothey downstairs had lost her bedroom furniture because her husband was out of work and they hadn't been able to pay the installment.

Repulsed on this effort, Rose tried her other proposition. Her father, who had listened approvingly to Anna's refusal of the first, took up the burden of the second. Angrily and in broken English he said, "Borrow money! For a dress! Come, I must borrow money to feed us if anyone will lend! When your mother was your age she earned money—she didn't spend it."

Rose kept on trying but there was no use. That night she went to bed and sobbed herself to sleep. She was bitter against her parents and bitter against the world. Somehow she must get that dress. During the night she waked up—and lying there listening to the snoring from the next room she formulated a plan. There was a store downtown in which the dresses were hung around so that the customers might help themselves. There were dressing rooms in which the dresses might be tried on. If you found one you

liked you took it over to a counter, had it wrapped up and paid for it. People said there were spotters around and there were warning signs, but Rose had been there twice and it looked easy to her. Resolved to steal a dress, Rose sank at last to sleep.

The next afternoon she ventured into the shop. She was very nervous but resolved to go through with it. She took her time, trying several dresses and putting them back. Finally she found the very dress she wanted. She took it along with one other to the dressing room. Here she took off her coat and the dress she was wearing and carefully put the new one on. Next she put her own dress on over it and then her coat. Taking the second dress, she replaced it and after casually looking at one or two others near by, sauntered towards the door. She reached the sidewalk seemingly unnoticed and was just thinking that she had done it when a hand grasped her arm and a stern voice said, "You're under arrest."

Miss Jones found a mournful and bewildered girl in the detention home the next morning. She listened quietly to the words that were poured forth between sobs. After she had calmed Rose, Miss Jones sought out the owner of the store from which the dress had been stolen. Quite readily he agreed to withdraw the complaint when the facts had been presented to

him and he had been assured that Miss Jones would be responsible for the girl.

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

It has been said that one-third of the population of the United States live in slums. What is a slum?

Are there any in your city? What is their health record? What percentage of delinquency originates there?

England has rehoused four million and more people since 1919—the United States less than fifty thousand. Why the difference?

Has your city a slum-clearance program?

What is the foreign-born population of your city? What are their racial backgrounds? Where do they live?

Do you talk about "foreigners"? Do you ever refer to them as "Wops," "Bohunks," etc.? Why is that wrong?

Do you see why their family problems are so complicated?

What churches in your community serve the foreign born?

Are the Protestant churches represented in the courts?

4: "PARENT TROUBLES"

ARTHUR WAS HAVING A TOUGH TIME. HIS teachers couldn't understand what had happened to him. Last year he had been a good enough student, quiet, fairly attentive and generally prepared. This year, on the other hand, he was fidgeting constantly. His home work was slovenly, often incomplete, and his mind seemed to stay anywhere but in the classroom. Punishment had no effect. If he was kept after school and made to do his work over and over again that seemed to make no difference. Tomorrow he would have forgotten what he was repeating today.

The third time within two weeks when Mr. Sanders told Arthur that he must stay on after the other boys had gone out to play, the teacher observed that no look of disappointment came to the child's face. He suddenly realized that it couldn't very well because the little face seemed always disappointed. So Mr. Sanders took another tack. He set out to banish that melancholy. He attempted to win a response with encouragement. He had Arthur come to his room

during study periods in order that he might help him with his work. He complimented him at the slightest opportunity. He tried making a game of the lessons—but all to no avail. No matter what he did the little lad's attitude remained unchanged.

The boys noticed the difference too. They had thought of Arthur as one of the best in the crowd. Arthur was fun. He was good company and he could play any game. Always he had been one of the first boys chosen when sides were made up. But not this fall. It had begun as usual, but Arthur had paid little more attention to games than he did to his class-work. He just went through the motions. He was quiet in the bus on the way to the playground. And he had so little pep that he exasperated his playmates. At first they had laughed at him—then they had derided him. Lately they had begun to call him Dopey. He was the last boy chosen for games, and then he was accepted with a grudging sense of necessity. But Arthur seemed untouched by the children's attitude. Apparently he didn't mind being called Dopey, and he wasn't bothered at all by the reluctance with which he was greeted as a team mate.

Mr. Nelson, the play supervisor, noticed this and at the end of the third week he spoke of it to Mr. Sanders. Sanders in turn told of his own observations. The two men decided to go to the head master.

And so it happened that Dr. Drake, meeting Arthur in the hall on the following Monday, casually invited him into the office to see some fishing pictures that he had taken in Nova Scotia during the summer. The boy glanced listlessly at the photographs, merely remarking, "They're nice." Just a year ago an eager boy had asked him if he wanted to see some "swell" pictures. The head master had replied that he would be delighted "to see some swell pictures." What he had seen was the pictorial record of a boy's canoe trip with his father, and one snapshot showed a proud ten-year-old holding up a three-pound bass.

"Gee, Dr. Drake," the boy had said, "I caught it all by myself on a bass bug."

What had happened to this boy during the year that made him now indifferent even to a picture of a five-hundred-pound tuna?

Dr. Drake sent for Arthur's record. The report showed that he was doing wretchedly in every subject this fall. All his teachers had noted that the boy was careless and inattentive. The head master looked back over the cards of the previous year. He wondered why he had not noticed the evidences of the beginning of a slump toward the end of April. He called in the teachers one by one. They all agreed that, now that they thought of it, Arthur had begun to change in the spring.

Dr. Drake made up his mind to locate the trouble. He called the school doctor on the phone and talked with him at length. The next day Mr. Sanders announced that the whole class were to have physical examinations. One by one the boys went into the nurse's office. Three days later the doctor reported that a most thorough examination failed to indicate any organic condition that could explain the boy's attitude.

The case of Arthur resolved itself into the chief problem of faculty meetings for the next few months. Some of the older members of the faculty suggested that it was a passing mood and that in time Arthur would come out of it. He was growing rapidly and they had known many instances where rapid growth seemed temporarily to dull the mental processes. They all agreed that they should be patient and constantly encourage the boy. Meanwhile Mr. Sanders, as the member of the staff in closest association with him, should carefully try to win Arthur's complete confidence in order to draw him out. They could not, of course, bring a psychiatrist into the picture without consulting Arthur's parents, and Dr. Drake was naturally reluctant to bring the question into Arthur's home until he had exhausted every resource available to himself. But he thought it strange that the parents should overlook the report that went home

indicating Arthur's miserable record for the month of October.

December first, however, brought a response. Arthur's mother telephoned Dr. Drake and asked him to come to see her because she was quite concerned over Arthur's school record. Ordinarily people who were "quite concerned" came to see the head master, but not Arthur's mother. With her wealth and social position she took it for granted that head masters should wait upon her. Dr. Drake did not suggest that it might be better for her to come to the school because he was particularly anxious to discover as much as he could concerning the home environment of the boy.

And so later that morning the head master was ushered into a magnificent drawing room and left for a few minutes to await the coming of the grand lady. As he sat there he thought what a handicap all that was indicated by these lavish surroundings must be to a growing boy. He reflected that there were two groups of youngsters who were almost hopelessly up against it in life—the children of the very rich and the children of the very poor. It would be difficult to tell whose lot was worse. But then Arthur had been born to this. It might explain his former average work, but it could hardly account for the sudden change. Certainly, there was something more.

He did not find out what that something was, however, for the lady, when she came, took the discussion into her own hands and kept it there. She let him know in no uncertain terms that she blamed the school. She said that it must offer inferior teaching.

Dr. Drake took pride in his school, and it hurt to have to listen to these suggestions of its inadequacy. Quietly, but firmly, he interrupted with the first questions that he had had a chance to ask.

"Have you not noticed that he is a different boy this year? Does he not show that difference in his home?"

A shadow passed over the lady's face, then her jaw set and she answered, "Yes, he's different—that's why I asked you to come. I am certain that he does not really like your school. I must admit that he will not say so, but nevertheless I am convinced of it. Furthermore, I have made up my mind that if by the first of the year there is no change, I will send him to boarding school."

That was the end of the conversation. Dr. Drake went back to his office without the answer to the problem but with a deep conviction that the answer could be found in the home.

The next Saturday Arthur was lunching with a classmate named Peter. Peter had stuck to Arthur when the other boys turned away. He couldn't have

said exactly why except that in a general way he felt sorry for him.

Arthur arrived very early. Peter and his mother were not at home when he came. The two boys were having the city child's problem of Saturday solved for them by a visit for lunch to be followed by a trip to the movies.

Because neither Peter nor his mother was at home Arthur was ushered into the room of Peter's grandmother. Arthur felt the warmth of her kindness at once. He was surprised to discover how easy it was to talk. She seemed to understand so well, and her slow questions always came just at the right time to save him from the embarrassment of silence.

The conversation had turned to the subject of school, and Arthur had just explained rather haltingly that it wasn't going very well—and then the boy turned his wistful eyes upon the gentle face and confessed, "You see, I've got troubles."

"Troubles? What kind of troubles, Arthur?"

"Parent troubles."

"Parent troubles?" questioned the sympathetic listener. "Why, Arthur, you don't mean parent troubles?"

"Yes," answered the lad. "You see my mother and my father are divorced. I'm living with my mother now. Sometimes I live with my father for a while—

and—and they're having an argument about where I'm going to live right along. I don't know what they're going to do. My father wants me to go off to boarding school, and my mother's fiancé seems to want me to go too. I guess I don't know where I ought to go—but, say, don't you think a fellow ought to stick by his mother? Still, dad's a swell man."

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

One type of broken home is caused by divorce; how many such are there in your community?

How many involve children?

What do psychiatrists say about the effect of broken homes on children?

What is the divorce rate in the United States?

Is it increasing?

How many couples contemplating divorce do you believe really consider their children?

What recreation is available for children in your city on Saturdays and holidays?

5: ALL AT ONCE

ON SATURDAY AL WAS DISCHARGED FROM the army. On Monday he and Grace were married. That was in April, 1919. Al went back to his old job in the drygoods store at reduced wages. There were so many ex-service men looking for work. They were no longer called "heroes" of course. No one referred to them as the "brave boys who had saved democracy," "overthrown militarism," and "fought the war to end war." That sort of talk ended the minute the first man got his discharge and started looking for a job. So Al was made to understand both by his employer and by some of his friends that he was very lucky to get any job at all.

Al and Grace set up housekeeping with barely enough equipment for a start. What pride they took in that little home! Grace kept everything spotlessly clean, and long as were his hours of work Al always found time at the end of the day to do some painting or carpentry work which might add beauty or convenience.

Then, in September, 1920, Billy was born. It was evident at once that he would never be normal, but from day to day Grace and Al kept looking for some signs of improvement, some glimmer of intelligence. At last they were forced to realize that while Billy would grow in body, his mind would never develop and that always he must remain helpless and speechless, never even recognizing his parents.

On an income of seventeen dollars a week, this situation brought stark tragedy and, although friends urged them to put Billy in an institution, Al and Grace could not bring themselves to do so. They had heard many grim stories of institutions—and besides, was he not their child, their Billy?

So, month in and month out, Grace slaved for this unblamable little tyrant while Al tried in vain to amuse him and get him to take an interest in his surroundings. Neither parent would admit to the other the loss of hope, the inner bitterness, but in silence each bore the burden. As the years went by Grace grew slovenly about her appearance and her housekeeping and Al began to stay away from home in the evenings. Both were miserable—they each caused the other to suffer more intensely and each wore on the other's nerves.

In 1925 little Tommy came into the home. He was a happy baby—the very picture of health—and his

chortling joy communicated itself to his father and mother. Grace began to sing as she worked and the house became neat and tidy once more. As for Al, nothing in the world could drag him away from home on an evening.

Tommy reached his third birthday a sturdy little pirate who had long since learned that he was his own master and could have his way simply by insisting on it. One May morning while Grace was busy with Billy, who was in a particularly petulant mood, Tommy slipped out of the room and down the stairs. Grace had not had time to miss him when suddenly the rasping of brakes followed by a woman's scream drew her toward the window. She looked out in time to see a man pick up the limp body of little Tommy. She was conscious just long enough to hear someone say: "He's dead." Then she fainted.

When Grace opened her eyes Al was walking up and down the room dry-eyed but haggard. Mrs. Alton, the neighbor downstairs, was sitting by her bathing her face with a cold cloth and doing her best to comfort. Later an undertaker came. He spoke in a very pleasant voice, telling them how sorry he was and saying that of course they "wanted to do the right thing by the little lad." Of course they did—not realizing that the "right thing" meant the piling up of utterly needless expense in a funeral that might

with all dignity have cost half as much. So they agreed to this and that and not until three days after Tommy had been buried did it dawn on them how heavily they had mortgaged the future. The staggering sum of five hundred dollars had to be paid off out of the weekly wage of twenty-four dollars which Al was now earning.

Tommy's death overwhelmed his parents. At first it brought them together in a common misery, but after a few days Grace lost her interest in the lonely home and Al began stopping on the way from work for a drink with which to fortify himself against the desolation of the cheerless flat. He lost all interest in his work and became so sullen that finally one of the customers complained. The manager threatened to fire him. Al went home in a surly mood and took his anger out on Grace. She was too beaten to respond but walked out of the room without a word. Meantime Al's angry tones had wakened Billy, who commenced to cry. Al slapped him and when the poor child cried the louder, slapped him again.

The first cry brought Grace to the door in time to see the second blow. Her face turned livid and she threw herself with insane fury upon her husband. Already beginning to feel remorse for what he had done, Al broke away from Grace and ran down the stairs. At four o'clock in the morning he

came home drunk. The next day he tried to apologize, but Grace would not listen to him.

On his way to work Al stopped for a drink. While he was standing at the bar George Coleman entered. Ordering a drink he turned to Al and asked, "What settlement did you get for the accident?"

"Settlement?" asked Al. "What do you mean?"

George looked amazed. "You don't mean to tell me you haven't collected. Say, Bud, was there any other car on the street?"

"No," said Al.

"Couldn't a driver see the kid a block away?"

"I guess he could if he was lookin'," answered Al.

"Let me ask you one more question: How long did it take him to stop? Boy, if I was you, I'd get a lawyer—go see Bill Corum—he's smart and in the know. You've got something comin' to you."

"Right," said Al, and leaving his glass unfinished started out of the barroom.

He couldn't get to Bill Corum's office quickly enough. He was late for work now, but he'd tell the boss where he'd been. Bill Corum was just entering the elevator when Al reached the office building. He ran to the car and started talking on the way up. Corum silenced him, and led him into the office. Then Al told what he knew, and asked Corum to take the case. Corum listened and agreed to consider it, tell-

ing Al to come back in the morning for his answer.

When Al came into the store he was an hour and a half late. Before he could explain the boss called him back and asked him what was the matter. Al told him where he had been. His employer shook his head. Said he, "Al, you're lying. You've been drinking too much lately. Yesterday you drove a customer away. Today you stop for liquor and then try a cock-eyed alibi." And reaching into his pocket, he added, "Here's your week's pay—you're fired."

Meantime Bill Corum had been busy on the phone. He called the Brownell Garage. "Brownell," he said, "this is Corum. Does Sullivan bring his work to you?"

"Yes," answered Brownell.

"Has he had that small truck in recently?"

"He brought it in two weeks ago," answered Brownell.

"Let me speak to the mechanic who worked on it."

When the mechanic came to the phone Corum found out his name and verified the fact that he had repaired a light truck for Sullivan on the date Brownell had mentioned.

"What did you do to the truck?" asked Corum.

"Fixed a fender and relined the brakes."

"Were they bad?" asked Corum.

"I'll say they were. He couldn't have stopped it short of a city block."

"Thanks," said Corum and hung up.

Next he called the Austey Insurance Company. Getting Austey on the phone he announced himself and asked, "Do you carry the Sullivan Company?"

Austey replied in the affirmative.

"What's your offer on the kid that light truck killed two weeks ago?"

Austey started to explain why he had no offer when Corum cut in. "Wait a minute—the accident happened Tuesday morning, didn't it?"

Austey assented.

"All right," said Corum, "Brownell's mechanic fixed the brakes Tuesday afternoon. He said they wouldn't have stopped the car in a city block. Now what's your offer?"

Austey's tone changed. "Have a heart, Corum," he said. "What's your proposition?"

"Well," answered Corum, "I'm trying to clean up things so I can get off to Florida. We'll settle to avoid the nuisance. How about fifteen hundred?"

"O.K.," said Austey.

"Right," said Corum. "Have the papers and the check down here tomorrow morning at nine-thirty."

The next morning Al came into Corum's office at ten o'clock. He had not told Grace that he had lost his job. He had not told her anything. She had lapsed back into her mood of silence. After ten minutes'

wait he was ushered into Corum's presence. Corum rose and greeted him with a smile, saying, "I've got this thing fixed up in good shape. The insurance company will settle for fifteen hundred. That's a break, for the juries are getting tough on these cases. The mayor has been begging parents to keep their kids off the streets unattended, and we're mighty lucky to get this much."

Before Al knew what was happening the insurance representative had been brought in and the paper had been signed. When he was alone with Corum, the latter said, "Here's the check. My charge will be five hundred. These cases are difficult, and thirty-three per cent is the normal charge. If you'll endorse this check, I'll have it cashed and give you the thousand."

Dazed by the speed of the transaction, Al started home. Coming to the park he went in and sat down to think it over.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," he mused. There floated up into his memory news reports of judgments in other accident cases. It seemed to him that they were all for bigger amounts . . . but then fifteen hundred was a lot of money . . . more than he made in a year . . . still it wasn't fifteen hundred . . . Corum had five hundred. Five hundred in a day . . . that was a cinch. There was still the thousand, however. He pulled the envelope out of his pocket. Yes, there they

were—ten crisp hundred dollar bills. While he was gazing at them, the undertaker's bill flashed into his mind. He didn't really have a thousand after all. Five hundred his . . . his and Grace's . . . five hundred dollars . . . no job . . . no Tommy . . . Grace not speaking to him . . . why should she after he had slapped poor Billy that way? What a mess he had made—well, at least he could go home and admit it.

While Al was sitting in the park, the minister whom the undertaker had secured for Tommy's funeral called at the home. Hungry in heart for someone with whom to share her burden, Grace poured out her misery to the sympathetic listener. Just as he was leaving Al came in. The man stayed to talk with Al. Before he left he had drawn out the whole story of the last seven years—both viewpoints.

He went immediately from the house to Al's former boss, and spent an hour with him. As a result Al was back on his job the next week. Next he talked with Al and with Grace, explaining carefully to each how, in the face of their thwarted hopes for Billy and again helpless and frantic in their grief for Tommy, they had turned each on the other, seeking blindly some outlet for pent-up emotions. A week later he took them to the state asylum in a city near by. There a doctor explained to them patiently how much better off Billy would be in the institu-

tion. He showed them through the wards and let them talk with nurses and attendants. Before they left they made arrangements for Billy to be admitted. That night they sat up late talking over the past and planning for the future.

That was ten years ago. Their plans have matured with the passing years. Now Al and Grace face life with a different attitude and face it together.

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

What conception of state institutions are there among the underprivileged of your community?

What do funerals cost? What do poor people pay for them?

What about this suggestion of "doing the right thing"?

What minimum estimate for a decent funeral is made by a trustworthy undertaker in your community?

What legal services are available for those of very modest means?

Have the lawyers anything that corresponds to medical clinics? Why not?

Have you seen the presentation of poor people's cases in courts?

What is meant by an "ambulance chaser"? Are there such lawyers in your community?

6: *HANDICAP*

THE TENEMENT WAS LOCATED IN ONE OF the most densely populated blocks of the Negro section of the city.

Because the family was large the home was small. Not only was it small; it was squalid. It could not be made otherwise. When one has to feed and clothe a family of seven on an income of eighty dollars a month, there is not much left for rent. For Adam and Sarah Maxwell, past events fell into place with relation to a sequence of moving days. Six times they had moved.

Vividly the couple remembered their joy in their first home. Like the present one it had consisted of only four rooms, but there was fresh air and sunlight and Sarah had been able to make it attractive.

Adam had been an honor student in high school. When war broke out shortly after his graduation, he had enlisted in the army. He was assigned to a regiment which saw hard service. Sarah had become engaged to him on the last leave, just before he sailed

for France. Immediately upon his discharge they were married. Adam had taken a position as an elevator operator in an apartment house at a wage of fifty-five dollars a month. He had regarded it as temporary, believing that, with his qualifications in addition to his military service, some opportunity commensurate with his ability would be found.

But the years had gone by and Adam was still running the same elevator. It is true that his wage had been increased to eighty dollars a month. Over against that, however, was set the increased cost of an enlarged family, the rise in rents, and the fact that Sarah was no longer strong enough for the outside work with which she had supplemented the income of the early years. Sarah had never gained her strength after the birth of the fifth child. She had been taken to a hospital that was terribly overcrowded, as all facilities for service were in the Negro section of the city. She had received scant attention from an overworked and case-hardened staff, and had been sent home before she should have been in order to make room for someone else.

Going home for Sarah, as for thousands of tenement mothers, had not meant a return to comfort and a period of convalescence without responsibility. It had meant that she was immediately plunged back into her full round of tasks involving the care of

four children under ten in addition to her newborn baby. These children must be cared for in four dark rooms at the top of four long flights of stairs up and down which she must travel many times a day, with children, with coal, and with her purchases.

Adam helped all he could but his hours of work made it impossible for him to do very much, particularly when he was on the day shift working from eight in the morning till seven at night. Once in two weeks he had a day off, but that meant working straight through the previous twenty-four hours. It is not to be wondered at that Sarah never regained her strength.

The oldest child was Thomas. Upon him his father especially set all his thwarted hopes. He should have the opportunity that had never come to Adam. Tom would be equal to it. The boy was alert and studious. His I.Q. was high, and his school record invariably showed him to be near the top of his large class. He went on from public school into high school, where he made honor grades. During his junior year, in addition, he gave evidence of splendid athletic promise. Toward the spring of that year, however, his marks began to fall off sharply. He neglected his home work, and talked from time to time about quitting school at the end of the year.

Adam was worried but he said nothing for a while

in the hope that it was a passing mood. When, however, he saw no sign of a change he began to watch for the opportunity to talk it out with the boy. Finally he realized that he would have to make the chance, for it was apparent that Tom was avoiding him. One day Adam was given a generous tip, and he set aside enough to take Tom to a ball game on his day off.

It turned out to be a listless sort of game so that father and son had a good chance to talk things out as they basked in the warm spring sun.

Adam began the conversation by talking about his boyhood in a little Southern town—of his father who had worked hard but was never able to do more than keep the family together. He then recalled the coming of the industrial agent from the north—how the man had charmed the Negroes with the promise of high wages in Northern mills, and painted thrilling pictures of a freer life. The family had talked it over, and Adam's father had decided to go north. He was one of two hundred men who left their community the next week to get jobs in the steel mills.

Many of those who went apparently forgot their families, and there had been much sorrow and hardship in the months that followed. But Adam's father had not forgotten. Soon the money came and they were all on their way to Pennsylvania. Those

next years had been miserable. Except for the better school nothing seemed to have been gained. The wages were higher but so was the cost of living. The mill town was dirty and dingy. The people were all strange. The work was exhausting—so much of a change was it that Adam's father had not been able to stand it. He had sickened and died. His mother had moved to New York in 1914, bringing Adam and his two sisters with her.

She had worked in a laundry at first but it had been impossible to live on the wages of eight dollars a week. Fortunately she soon got a better-paying job in a private home. Although she was away from seven in the morning till nine or later at nights yet the family was held together because the children were old enough to care for themselves. Adam had been sixteen. He had been eager to go on to college but the war had broken out and he had enlisted.

"Tom," he said, "I want you to have what I didn't get—to do what I didn't do. I've kept things going so far and I can keep them going while you get an education. You're just as bright as any boy in your class. Son, you've got to go on."

Tom had listened with real interest to what Adam was saying—asking now and then a quiet question. At the end of the story he was silent for a while. Then he said in a low voice:

"Pa, I know how you felt when you were in school. I used to feel the same way myself. I know how you feel about me now, but it isn't like you think it is and you know it yourself. What's the use of my going on?"

"But, Tom, I've worked hard all these years so that you could go to college," his father interrupted.

"Well, suppose I do go to college—what chance will I have in this white man's world? I don't have to tell you how many Negro college graduates there are right in this city who can't get anything better than a porter's job. If I have to work with my hands, I'd be a good deal happier if I weren't trained so that I'd hanker after something else. These white folks who help us get education are mighty fine, but they've forgotten something—that after you've got training you've got to have the chance to use it."

"But, son, surely there are opportunities for Negroes here in a city this size," Adam said gently.

"Not in *this* city," Tom replied emphatically. "What is there here besides a government job? And you know yourself, Pa, that you even have to play a lot of politics to get one of those. You can't get a chance in business if your skin is black—except up here in Harlem, and you can't do it here unless you have money to start with. Even the night clubs up here are owned by white men!"

"What about the professions?" asked Adam. "Lawyers—doctors—there's always need for them."

Tom laughed grimly. "Did you ever hear of a Negro lawyer arguing before a white jury? As for doctors—you can't be even an interne in most of the city hospitals, and where can you practise after that? Why, Pa, you can't even get a job as a mechanic or as an electrician. The companies won't hire you and the unions won't take you in. You know what a fight our preachers and the others had to put up to get a few men the chance to be something more than sweepers in the city subway."

Adam was silent. He knew that much of what Tom was saying was only too true. The boy had never talked this way before, but now that he had started he kept on.

"And there's this, too—if I don't make money I won't want to go to any hotels and restaurants. If I'm not educated I won't mind it so much that I can't. But suppose I did make enough money to be able to go to hotels, and suppose I wanted to go for the same reason other people do? How would it make me feel to have them tell me that they haven't any rooms? Haven't any rooms—for black men—not even for Paul Robeson or Roland Hayes."

Indignation was rising in his voice.

"You remember what they did to Richard Harri-

son when he was touring the country as De Lawd in 'Green Pastures,' don't you, Pa? First they made speeches and gave him the key to the city—then they made him sleep in the railway station! But let some rich racketeer come along and they'll find *him* a room quick enough. The law says they can't discriminate, but every room clerk in this city will smile and say, 'Sorry, no room.' Any white man who has the cash can buy his way anywhere—no matter how rotten he is. But let a black man be the most decent man there is, and he still gets the door slammed in his face."

"Son," broke in Adam, "that's mostly true now, but it won't always be true. It's better now than it was ten years ago. Ten years from now it'll be better yet. It'll be boys like you, who have the grit to make the best they can of themselves, who will change it, together with the white folks who see it now. There's more and more of them. People who know that the only solution to this race problem is to give us a chance to get our feet on the ground —who know that what we want is the opportunity to get decent work and not to be shut out from what we could do just because we are black. What— Look at that boy play ball, son!"

Even Adam forgot his argument in excitement over a beautiful play that had just been made by

the second baseman. He had gone after an impossible ball and come up with it. Then Adam remembered—"Son, that's what I mean—that kid's a rookie on a tail-end team. All those others are old-timers. They know they're a tail-end team and they're beaten before they start. But that kid's a rookie—he's young and fresh, and tail-end or no tail-end, he's going to play ball and he won't be beaten. We're a tail-end team and you're a kid."

Tom is now at the state university.

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

How many Negroes are there in your city?

Are the Negroes segregated?

How do their rents compare with those of others in the same income group?

Are any of them in other than manual jobs or menial jobs?

Are there any college graduates? What work do they do?

What hospital facilities are available? Are they adequate?

What professional opportunities are open to Negroes?

Who owns the business establishments in the Negro districts?

7: *FIRED*

HIS FIRST NAME WAS STILL JOSEPH, BUT his surname had been changed to Lee. It had been a matter of necessity. It was simply impossible for people dependent on the English language to pronounce his family name.

Joe Lee grew up on one of the toughest blocks in an extensive tenement area. Joe wasn't tough. That he was virile enough, no one who had ever seen him box or wrestle would doubt, but it was amazing how completely untouched he was by the vicious influences that surrounded his childhood and youth. For that matter, it is a constant source of wonder to those who know the underprivileged areas that the proportion of youngsters from them who go wrong is not larger than it is. To experience this wonder is to acquire a deeper faith in human possibilities without the loss of any of the sense of indignation that arises from the contemplation of the frightful human waste that is brought about by a degrading environment.

FIRED

Joe was one of the best. Everyone agreed to that. His school teachers attested to it when they wrote down his grades. The settlement workers bore witness to it when they invited him to serve on the self-government board. The church staff recognized it when they appointed him president of the Youth Council. As for the young people themselves, they were constantly giving evidence of Joe's popularity and of the respect in which he was held.

Joe's father never earned more than eighteen dollars a week. That was why they had to live where they did—but a glance at their little tenement home was an indication that self-respect is not dependent on income or neighborhood. The boy's parents made the best of everything. Perhaps that was why Joe grew up with the ability to discriminate between the degrading and the helpful associations in the neighborhood. Through his whole school course he spent much of his leisure time in the activities of church and settlement and from each he drew the best.

When Joe graduated from school he entered the employment of one of the city's largest banks. College had been out of the question, though he had been qualified in every way to benefit by a college education. But Joe had not just drifted into the first job that had come along. He had sought advice and counsel from those whose judgment he trusted. He had

taken a special business course and he had continued to go to night school after he had started work.

Joe had known Alice always, it seemed to him. She had come to the church school the year after he did. Somehow or other he had not particularly noticed her until he was nineteen and she was seventeen. From that time on they were inseparable. Two years later they became engaged. They thought then that they could get married very soon, for they were both working and together were earning half again as much as either one of their fathers had ever received. But just when they were deciding upon a date, Joe's father lost his job and Alice's father was cut to part time. Of course their marriage had to be postponed.

The depression continued and Joe and Alice were mighty happy to be able to keep their jobs at all. Plenty of their friends were up against it. They saw some of them go to pieces. Dot and Jim for instance. Both their families were on relief. Jim's family was evicted twice. Jim and Dot had been engaged for four years and, having reached the point where it seemed to them that they were never going to be able to get married, they flung their ideals overboard. Very soon they became cynical and started fighting each other. Eventually they split up, and Dot started working in a taxi dance hall, and Jim began to run with the communist crowd downtown.

But Alice and Joe held on. In the winter of 1935 things took a turn for the better. Joe's father found a steady job and a month later Alice's father got an additional day a week. The family responsibility lifted from their shoulders, the young people began to plan once more to get married. Joe was now earning one hundred and ten dollars a month. At the most his father had earned but eighty and Joe had been well trained in the matter of family budgeting. Besides, Alice was earning seventeen dollars a week. It would be easy for them to carry out their original plan of leaving the tenement and setting up their home out in a suburban area. Even if Alice should have to stop working, which they anticipated as a possibility but did not expect in their planning, they would with what they had learned at home be able to get along.

Four years had been a long time to wait, and Alice and Joe could hardly believe that before the summer came they would be married. They could not set the date, of course, until the vacation schedules in their offices were announced. However they felt sure that they could safely count on time off in June if they asked for it because most of the people preferred July and August.

One night in April Joe made an appointment to meet his pastor, Dr. Roberts, in his office at the church.

He had expected that he could walk right in and say, "Well, Doctor, at last Alice and I are going to be married." But when he got there, it wouldn't come out as easily as that. He had waited so long to make this announcement that somehow or other it didn't seem possible that the time had actually come when it could be done.

The minister sensed the fact that Joe was trying to say something and he had a good idea what it was. He helped him along by remarking that he supposed that now that their fathers were working again Joe and Alice would be thinking about getting married. "That's what brought me here," replied Joe, and then he began to tell of the plans that he and Alice had formulated. They talked for a long time that night, and Joe went home walking on air.

In May both Alice and Joe spent several evenings with Dr. and Mrs. Roberts talking about the meaning of marriage and home life. By this time the vacation schedules were out and the date of the wedding was set for the seventh of June. The invitations were mailed on the twentieth of May.

On the evening of June third, Dr. Roberts was in his study at the church. It had been a hard week and work had piled up. He had conducted three funerals —two of them that day. They had taken their toll on his strength.

Dr. Roberts had never become case-hardened. Rather as he grew older his sense of responsibility in the face of human need had greatly increased. Each year he realized more of the capacity for feeling that lies in the human heart. He learned to weigh things, even words, by the harm that they might do or by the good that they might bring. This night, having spent the day in the midst of so much suffering, he was especially sensitive.

At nine o'clock, there was a knock on the door. At his word it slowly opened and Joe, his face white and haggard, stepped in.

"Why, Joe," cried Dr. Roberts, "what's the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"Plenty," said the boy, sinking down in the easy chair—"I was fired today."

"Fired!" said the minister, dumbfounded. "You were fired today! Why? Joe, tell me about it."

It wasn't a long story. The head of Joe's department had stopped by his desk and casually asked him what he was going to do with his vacation. Joe had responded enthusiastically that he was going to get married. The boss had grown serious at that and had said, "Joe, you can't do that. There's a rule against it!"

"A rule against it," laughed Joe, thinking that he was being kidded, "a rule against getting married

when you are twenty-five years old? Who made it? Is it an act of Congress or just a city ordinance?"

"Seriously, Joe," the man had replied, "the bank has a standing regulation that none of its employees who is earning the salary that you do can keep his job if he gets married."

"That's easy," answered Joe, "I won't object to a raise in salary."

"That won't be done now," the department head answered. "You're a good worker. You've come right along and you ought to go a good way. Forget it for a while, Joe. Later on—but I must say that you can't keep your job if you insist on getting married now."

Joe was frantic. "Listen, mister," he said, "I'm getting married on June seventh."

"Then you need not come back on June twentieth."

That had been the last word. Joe had worked on mechanically through the rest of the afternoon. When the day was over he had gone into the park and walked and walked and now he was here.

It was some time before Dr. Roberts spoke. He was too indignant to trust himself. He knew well the anguish that was in the boy's heart. All this waiting and hoping and postponing. These years that had required such tremendous self-control. And now this

harsh domination by a rich institution, this cold impersonal dealing with human life as though it were feelingless. Surely there must be some mistake. Perhaps there was some other reason—but no, Joe was too fine and too capable. At last he spoke:

"Have you told Alice, Joe?" he asked.

"No," said Joe, a catch coming into his voice, "I can't."

"Don't tell her tonight, lad—and that means don't go near her. She'll see it in your face. The first thing in the morning I'll see what I can do. It may be that this thing can be fixed up."

For an hour longer they had talked together and then Joe had gone home with the understanding that they should meet the next noon.

The following morning Dr. Roberts went to see Joe's boss. He found the man genuinely sympathetic but it was obvious that he could do nothing, for he himself was an underling and dared not question a rule of the institution. On up the ladder the minister climbed, meeting courtesy and expressed sympathy every step of the way but always, too, an apologetic shifting of responsibility. The president he did not see, for that official had left on a four months' cruise. At last, baffled and beaten by the immovability of the great organization, Dr. Roberts was forced to give up the effort. As he rode uptown to keep his

appointment with Joe his mind dwelt upon the thousands of young people who were being caught in the cruel confusion of city life, with its callousness and its disregard for the individual. "No wonder," he thought, "there were more than a thousand suicides in this city last year."

Joe had hoped but not strongly, and he was not surprised at the report of failure. His mind was upon Alice and the forthcoming wedding three days away. Joe was for not telling Alice before they were married. How could he when she was so happy? At last Dr. Roberts had to say to him, "Joe, I'll marry you—but only if Alice knows and willingly determines to go ahead. I don't want you to urge her. Let me suggest this. I'll ask Alice to come here this evening. You meet her here—you can use this study. I'll be in the other office and when you want me you can call me." It was agreed.

That night after Joe had broken the news to Alice, the girl came alone into the minister's office. She had been crying but was calm now. "Dr. Roberts," she said, "Joe has told me. Oh, I'm so glad he did it now. I don't know how we would have felt if he had waited. But I am certain of this—Joe and I are going to be married on June seventh. Of course we won't be able to do what we had planned—but I can keep on working and we can live with mother and dad—

and I know Joe will get another job before long. He's got what it takes!"

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

List the destructive and degrading influences in tenement areas. List the constructive and beneficial.

What is the cost of a college education in your part of the country? How much capital is needed? How much can be earned by a boy or girl working a way through college?

Does it ever pay to let go of ideals?

How many ministers in your community give friendly counsel to couples before the wedding ceremony?

Have employers in your city rules to prevent employees from getting married before they earn a certain amount?

How many unemployed young people are there in your city?

8: FIGHTING FOR HEALTH

ELSIE SLAVEK WAS A CONSCIENTIOUS WIFE and mother. Her little flat was as tidy and clean as any in the city. Her children showed thoughtful care. They were quiet and well behaved in public without giving evidence of repressive constraint. They were always on time without seeming to be hurried.

Arthur, the husband, was a quiet man. His was not the quietness of stupidity or inertia, but rather that of one who knew the contentment of a happy home. Elsie was the keystone of the family. Not even Arthur realized how much his peace of mind depended upon her or how much she did in her calm way. He rather took it for granted that no disciplinary problems involving the children confronted him, that the home was always restful, the meals served at regular hours and the family budget balanced. He simply handed Elsie his pay envelope each week and received in return the allotment for his daily expenses. And so it was with all things about the home.

In the winter of 1932 Elsie caught a cold. She

treated herself with simple remedies from the corner drugstore. Arthur was solicitous, of course, but because Elsie minimized her condition and seemed able to carry on the regular routine without difficulty, he soon almost forgot that she had it. At the end of two weeks, when it didn't seem any better, Elsie, feeling that her remedies were inadequate, asked the druggist to suggest some additional treatment. She went home confident in the medicines he gave her.

At the end of two more weeks, Elsie began to realize that her tasks seemed to be getting harder. Somehow or other she was always tired. The stairs were higher, the markets farther away, and the children more demanding. But this appeared natural when she thought of it. It was to be expected that the cold would weaken her. Nevertheless the druggist's remedies were proving no more effective than her own, and she made up her mind to go to the clinic. She went in the morning when the children were in school. The clinic was crowded, with long lines of sick and bewildered people. Most of them seemed to be in so much greater need of medical attention than she was that she began to think she should not have come. Consequently when her turn came she thought nothing of the superficiality of the examination she received, and departed content with the prescription she had been given.

As the days went by, Elsie felt no improvement. The cold hung on. She grew no stronger and her chest hurt continually, but she blamed this on her constant coughing. Finally she decided to go to the doctor. She was afraid of the cost of going to a doctor in one of the fine offices on the Avenue, and as doctors were rare in the tenement area in which she lived she had a long walk before she reached her destination. This doctor examined her more carefully, and told her to throw away the medicine she was using and to take some that he would give her. He instructed her to get as much rest as she could, saying that she had a persistent cold but that he could cure it. As she went out of the door he called to her to come back again in two days' time.

A month dragged on and Elsie, going three times a week to the doctor, had the worry of the cost of those visits added to her now genuine concern about herself. Each time she paid the two dollars her worry increased, for the little fund which she used for emergencies would soon be gone. She said nothing to Arthur. How could she? He might want her to go to the hospital, and she knew that if she had to be away chaos would descend upon the family. There was no one to take her place. Even if Arthur could get the children off to school in the morning,

that was the least of it. There was marketing to be done and cooking and laundry. There was the necessity of keeping one eye on little Ethel after she came home from school. There were beds to be made and floors to be scrubbed. She said to herself that she must get well and so she kept on driving tired limbs and worried mind to their tasks.

She had ceased to put much faith in the doctor's promises but she continued to go to him because she could think of nothing else to do. It exhausted her to make the long trip but the cost would be double if she asked him to come to her, and anyway he might come some time when Arthur or the children were at home.

Then one afternoon, after a violent spell of coughing, she noticed blood on her handkerchief. She knew then that she could keep still no longer. She would have to talk with Arthur. It was a great relief after the long-pent-up worry and exhaustion to tell Arthur how ill and worried she was. He suggested calling the doctor. She told him then that she had been going to a doctor three times a week for the last nine weeks. She absolutely refused when he suggested taking her to the hospital. She agreed, however, that he should go over to the church to seek advice.

Mr. MacKay was in his office when Arthur got there. He listened until Arthur had finished, and

then, quietly reaching for the phone, dialed a number. A woman's voice answered.

"Is the doctor there?" asked the minister. "Please tell him MacKay is calling."

In a moment a man's voice came over the wire, saying, "Hello, Don, what seems to be the trouble?"

"Roy," was the answer, "I want you to go and see a patient for me tonight. She is Mrs. Arthur Slavek, and lives at 392 West Harrison Street. It's the third floor back on the right. Her husband is here now. I'll come with you if you want or stand by till you call."

"You stay there," said the doctor; "I'll go right over."

As Mr. MacKay hung up the phone, he said to Arthur, "Go right home, man! There isn't a better doctor in the city. Call me if I can do anything more."

After the door had shut the minister sat musing. "These East Side mothers," he said to himself, "the most wonderful people in the world. I'll wager that there isn't one out of ten who has thought about herself once today. They go until they drop. If only they knew when to quit and take care of themselves. But then," he questioned himself, "how can they? They are mainsprings."

He turned back to the book that had been laid aside when Arthur came in. It was a study of the

tenant farmer of the cotton states, published by a Southern university. Its pages seemed more vivid now. Its people were real people—men and women just like Arthur and Elsie or like himself and his wife. The telephone cut in. It was the doctor speaking.

"Don," said he, "I do need your help. This is a sick woman. She should have had hospitalization weeks ago, but she won't be persuaded to go even now. Will you come and see what you can do? I'll meet you outside the house."

In ten minutes the minister and the doctor were together, but it was fifteen minutes before they went upstairs. They knew that they faced a hard task in persuading the brave little woman to submit to hospitalization, and they realized that she would go only when convinced that the family would be properly cared for in her absence. They knew, too, that they must not alarm her and that only as a last resort could they appeal to the fatal danger involved in delay.

When they entered the room, as it had been agreed, the minister went right to the bedside. Taking Elsie's hand, he said quietly to her, "Elsie, you've known me for ten years, haven't you—and you've known the church for fifteen years. Have you ever had reason to mistrust either the church or me?"

Tears came to Elsie's eyes as she answered, "Oh, Mr. MacKay! That church has been like home to

us. I can't think what life would have been without it."

Mr. MacKay replied, "Well, Elsie, I've known Dr. Allen ever since I came to the city. He has cared for my family. I know him as a physician and as an intimate friend. I know what the members of his profession think of him. And because I know him and trust him so thoroughly, his word is law to me. If he tells me anything when I am sick, I do it because I realize that he not only wants to make me well but that at the same time he fully understands my responsibilities to the church and to my family, and I know that he wouldn't advise anything that didn't seem to him necessary."

Then, seeing the look of resistance gathering on her face, "Elsie, I promise you that if you go to the hospital as the doctor is certain you should, the church will stand by your family. Arthur can get breakfast in the morning, and someone whom you can trust, and I can trust, will come before the children get home from school to straighten up, to keep an eye on Ethel and to get dinner. Arthur will tell you every evening just how things are going."

It was not a simple matter to persuade Elsie even with this proposed arrangement, but at length husband and minister and doctor prevailed, and she was carried downstairs to the doctor's car. Arthur went

with her to the hospital while Mr. MacKay stayed with the children till his return.

The next afternoon Mr. MacKay went to the hospital, happy to be able to report that he had made satisfactory arrangements according to his promise. Mrs. MacKay had gone herself that day and Mrs. Meyer, who lived on the same block and whose children were married, would gladly come each afternoon beginning tomorrow. Elsie fairly beamed with relief. She had had faith in the promise, but now that she knew who was to be her substitute she could relax and accept the necessity of care for herself.

In the lobby of the hospital the minister and the doctor met.

"Don," said Dr. Allen, "you will have to anticipate a long siege. I think Mrs. Slavek will get well, but it will be months, perhaps a year or more. Arthur need not worry about the expense here. I've had her admitted as a city case. I told her I would before you came last night. She had been frightened at the thought of expense."

The minister gave an understanding nod, and Dr. Allen went on:

"I'd like to have a talk with that doctor who has been treating her for a cold these nine weeks. I've bawled the clinic out. They ought to have caught this thing when she came in. Still they've been over

their heads this year. The depression has doubled their load and they just haven't the time or energy to be thorough on every case—but that office gent! I hate to think that he just kept her coming nine weeks for the cash, and yet no man could see her so often and not at least suspect T.B."

"What can be done to protect patients from doctors of that sort?" asked Mr. MacKay.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Well, we've got a long way to go before we solve the problem of medical service for poor people. It's the cost and the careful service—but it's more than that, as this case proves. It's the job of building up confidence in our hospitals and it's making it possible in some way for people who can't stop working to find the way to stop when they ought to stop. It's frightful the way we are failing to meet physical need when all the resources are really available. But I'm not telling you anything you don't know—I'm just letting off steam. It makes me wild to think what this plucky little woman is up against—and it's all so unnecessary."

The two men walked silently down the street. Up in the women's ward a friendly nurse was winning Mrs. Slavek's confidence, while back in the home Mrs. Meyer was rediscovering the fun of caring for a little child.

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

How many doctors are there in your city?

How many people are there who can't afford medical care? What resources are available for them?

How many clinics are operating? Who staffs them? What case load do they carry? How thorough are their examination and treatment?

Is there a medical association? Has it an active committee on medical ethics?

What is the attitude toward the hospitals on the part of people who cannot afford to pay for medical care? Do they talk of them as places to which people go to die? Do they know what services are available to them?

Are there visiting nurses?

What functions can the church play in community health problems?

9: *A LIFE SENTENCE*

THE TWO-YEAR SENTENCE WAS NEARLY completed. It wouldn't, of course, be a full two years, for Barney had accumulated the maximum reduction for good behavior. He had been a model prisoner, not just because in that way he could earn time, but because he had really made up his mind to live down this one blot on his record. He couldn't figure why he had been such a fool as to think that he could get away with it. He hadn't taken the money to gamble with. He had done it to meet that note, and in time he would have paid it back . . . but what was the use of rehashing all that? Here he was and here he deserved to be.

It had been terrible, though, for Jean and the kids. The shock and the shame and all the publicity had nearly killed Jean. But the hardship that followed had been even worse. Of course there had been no money. Had there been any reserve, he would not have been here now. What money they had saved had gone to pay the cost of Billy's long sickness. That was why

he had been desperate when that note fell due. He couldn't let all the furniture go . . . but now they had lost it anyway. Jean had had to sell most of it. It was a crime how dirt cheap it had sold. And she couldn't keep the flat, of course. The landlord had been decent enough not to hold her for the unexpired lease . . . but to think that she had had to take the kids into a tenement. That must have nearly killed Jean.

He was sure that there were times when they went hungry. Jean had never let on, but how could it have been otherwise in those days before she got the job? And afterwards . . . sixteen dollars a week . . . that was what Jean was paid for the long hours she had to stand behind the counter and take it from the mob of customers who grabbed and crabbed and argued. Well, he'd soon change all that after he got out. He would have no trouble getting a good job. They would have to admit that aside from this serious blunder there was not a mark against him. He had been a good worker and he knew his stuff.

So it seemed to Barney in those last weeks before he was released on parole. Little did he realize what lay ahead of him. Somehow or other he took it for granted that people would realize that he had learned his lesson and had found that the short cut didn't pay.

Jean couldn't meet him the day he was discharged.

She couldn't get off from work, and she couldn't have afforded it if she had been permitted. He was just as glad. He didn't want her even to see the prison. He couldn't bear for her to have any mental images of the place. She had wanted to come up to visit him, but desperate as he was to see her, he had insisted on her staying away.

The shutting of the prison gate behind him marked the discharge of his debt to society. At last he was free. Freedom was a glorious thing! From now on, he would follow the road of hope, and at the beginning of that road was home.

As he walked down the street toward the address Jean had given, it all seemed so much worse than he had imagined. He had waited till after dark because she would be home and because he didn't want to see any neighbors. Jean had been maintaining the pretense that her husband was sick and off in a sanitarium, not realizing that the neighbors could learn the truth from the postmark on the letters that appeared regularly in her letter box. The neighbors knew all right, but they were decent to Jean in the way that most poor people are. They knew nothing of social ostracism. The little woman had had a tough break. She had their sympathy without any of that patronizing quality which so often makes sympathy unwelcome.

As Barney climbed the dark tenement stairs his heart sank lower at every step. To think that they had been living in this smelly, dilapidated old hole. The reception he received from Jean and the youngsters, however, banished the thought for the time being. It was not until some hours later that he fully realized the kind of place they were living in. It was spotlessly neat, and Jean had made the simple possessions do their utmost—but there was no way to hide those inside bedrooms. Here were three rooms, only one of which had outside windows. That was the kitchen, living room and dining room. The other two dark cubicles were bedrooms. Out in the hall was the toilet, used in common by the four families on this floor. Jean joked about it all, but Barney grimly remarked that he would soon get them out of this hole.

The next morning when Jean left for the store and the children started for school, Barney set out to look for work. He had reported to his probation officer the afternoon before, and had found him friendly enough but hardly encouraging.

Barney's experience had all been down in the Street. He had made up his mind that the first man he would see was his old employer. He hoped he might go back to his old firm. He wanted to make good where he had gone bad. He wanted to work

off his debt to the employer whose money he had taken.

He had no difficulty in getting an interview. Mr. Simmons hardly looked glad to see him, but he was certainly courteous.

Barney eagerly set forth his desire to come back and the reasons for it. When he had finished, Mr. Simmons replied:

"I'm sorry, Barney. I'm ready enough to forgive you and to believe you. Possibly if it were just dependent on my decision, I would take you back; but I'm afraid the directors would not stand for it, and if they did the bonding company wouldn't."

"But," protested Barney, "can't they see that a fellow who has been through what I have has learned his lesson and is far above the average in safety?"

"You might expect so," said Mr. Simmons, "but, as a matter of fact, their rule is hard and fast. Perhaps it is because there are so many repeaters in crime. Perhaps they fear the influence of prison associates, but whatever the reason, they will not permit any exception."

Barney was silent for a moment, then he asked quietly, "What kind of a reference could you give me?"

"That's a hard question, Barney," came the reply. "Your work was uniformly good, but how could I

fail to mention the unfortunate incident? Any employer would be bound to ask why your services had been discontinued with this firm."

Barney agreed that that was so, and the interview ended.

He made his way toward the employment office most extensively used by firms doing business in that part of town. He was given a questionnaire to fill out. Here was something he hadn't anticipated, although of course he should have—it was so obviously necessary. He would have to answer such questions as "By whom have you been employed?", "During what years?", "Why did you leave?", "What references can you furnish?" He couldn't write the answers to those questions, so he waited his turn and took the unfilled blank into the manager's office.

"I can't fill out one of these," he said, laying the empty blank on the manager's desk. "I expect what I need is some advice."

"I'll be very glad to help in any way I can," the man answered. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Well, I've—I've done time." Barney briefly narrated the main facts of his story up through the conversation which he had just had with his former employer. "Now," he ended, "is there any place down here where I can get a job?"

The manager was considerate. In as kindly a fash-

ion as possible, he let Barney know that there wasn't the ghost of a chance of his getting a job anywhere in the financial section. He doubted if he would be able to find employment with any firm in the city.

"Can't you see," he said, "what these men fear? They just can't take a chance of employing anyone who might be operating on the inside for some gang."

"But," protested Barney, "a gang would have a much easier chance getting hold of someone who didn't have a record. I've got to keep far above any possible suspicion. After what I've been through and what my family has been through, there isn't money enough in the world to buy me into anything crooked."

"I don't doubt you for a moment," replied the manager; "what you say is perfectly logical and your manner of saying it is convincing. It may be that somewhere there is an employer who will see it. I can't send you out, though. They would have to see your papers before they saw you. The minute they looked at them, they would call me up to ask if I was crazy."

Barney thanked the man for his sympathy and went out.

For the next two weeks he haunted the big firms uptown, the department stores, and the various whole-

sale houses. In every instance he ran into a personnel officer who wouldn't even talk to him till he had filled out a blank and furnished a list of references. Barney began to realize that if anywhere in the city there was an employer who would believe in him, it was going to be next to impossible to get to the man. Certainly he would have no luck with the big companies.

He shifted his quest to the smaller organizations that did not have personnel officers. Invariably he had to tell his story. Questioning would have brought it out and it seemed better psychology to him to beat the question. Gradually he came to look for the change of expression that was sure to come when he said he had done time. Sometimes the face would grow hard and he would be curtly dismissed. Sometimes a look of hidden fear would be evident to him. Once or twice there were indications that sympathy was struggling with the fear, but the fear won, and at the end of two months he hadn't even found a man who had offered to consider him should a vacancy occur.

By that time his money had run out. He couldn't take carfare from Jean, and he couldn't eat at home without paying his way. Jean wanted him to, but that would have meant taking food out of her mouth and out of the mouths of the children.

One night when he was on his way home, tired and discouraged, he was stopped by a traffic light. As he stood at the curb, a man sidled up to him, remarking, "How you doin', Bud?" Barney turned to recognize a man who had been doing a second term while he was in prison.

"O.K.," he answered. "How are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right," came back the answer, "but I don't believe you got a job. They never do once they get the mark on them. Not in the straight, anyway."

"Yeah?" answered Barney. "Well, I'm in the straight."

"I'll bet you haven't got a nickel in your pocket right now," retorted the man. "And you won't get one where you're lookin'. But I can put you in the way. You've got brains and you know some inside stuff. Some friends of mine could use you for good pay."

Barney walked away without answering, but his hands had turned cold. "You won't get one where you're lookin'," the man had said and he certainly hadn't even come near getting one. Could it be that nowhere there was anyone who would give a man a second chance? Could the mark of the prison never be erased? Was it a life sentence after all?

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

Study the penal system of your state and see if anything is done to restore men to good citizenship and useful work.

What happens to discharged prisoners?

What jobs are open to them?

What is the attitude of typical employers in your community to hiring ex-convicts?

Would not many men who have been penalized be more dependable than many others who have not?

Is the church doing anything to change society's unforgiving attitude?

Should not the church plan definite action for the restoration of discharged men? What action would you suggest?

10: LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY?

THE NOTE STUNNED JOE MCCURDY. ONE more week in the shop. He had never worked any other place. He had started in as a helper twenty-five years ago, when he was just out of high school. The shop was in transition. It was beginning to do auto repair work. There were seven men employed in the little building that had met the needs of those days. Two years after Joe came, the boss had acquired the agency for an automobile destined to be one of the most popular cars on the market. Joe had proved himself a genius at automobile mechanics, and when the new building was built, young as he was he had been made foreman.

Since then he had seen that original building replaced by one that covered a city block. He had seen the force increased from seven to over a hundred. He had seen the boss move from a side street into the most exclusive residential neighborhood, had seen his name come into public prominence and his son and daughter move in exclusive social circles.

Joe knew that he had been a part of all this. The record of the shop had been his pride. If a complaint came in he took it as a personal failure. He saw to it that the men did good work, he himself supervising the most complicated jobs. In the course of the years he had invented many of the tools which are today commonly used by auto mechanics. Each time the company would give him a certificate of merit and a ten dollar bill while they kept the patent rights.

The depression had, of course, hit the shop very hard. The lower priced cars held their sales better. Joe had felt for some months that something was bound to happen, but he had never dreamed that he might lose his job. He had taken it for granted that he was indispensable. He hadn't in the least presumed upon this, but it just seemed to him that inasmuch as he had been there since the shop was established, he would always be there. And, now, suddenly the end appeared just one week ahead.

Plenty of other men had notes. Many of them came to Joe about them. At first he was mystified as to the basis on which selection for dismissal was made. Slowly he began to see as one after the other of the older men came to him. Those who were being fired were the ablest men, the ones earning the highest salaries. He had heard that one of the electrical companies had adopted this policy, letting out all their

first-class electricians. It seemed foolish to him. It would certainly mean inferior work in the shop, but there was the fact, and Joe went.

That was in 1931.

Joe had not been very worried at first. It was true that he had very little money in the savings bank. Sickness in the family had at times been expensive. A bank failure had taken most of his reserve funds, and there was his boy in his second year at the state engineering college. But over against it all there was his record and his skill. He would soon find work. He was sure of it, and his wife was sure of it.

Joe organized his task of finding a job as efficiently as he had organized all his work. He went to the library, took the various city directories, and listed all the possibilities. Then he went at them systematically. Of course he did not expect to walk right into something. The trade was in a bad way and men were being laid off all over the city. He knew that from the union meetings.

He went through his preferred list without even discovering the remote possibility of work. He was well into his secondary list before he made two discoveries. The first concerned his age. He had not thought of himself as old. He was only forty-three. But apparently in most places forty-three was considered old. Again and again he was told that it was

no use for anyone over forty even to sign an application blank. Three times he had tried to argue on the basis of his experience, and this led to his second discovery. The fact that he had been a foreman was against him. It was evident that other foremen did not want people working for them who had a record such as Joe's—it might jeopardize their own jobs.

At the end of six months Joe began to feel desperate. His savings were nearly cleaned out, and it looked as though he would have to bring his son home from college. That seemed a terrible necessity to him. The boy was an honor student, and if he did come home, what chance would he have to find a job? Suppose he should have to spend his time pounding the sidewalks looking hopelessly for work while he might have been going ahead with his preparation for a real career. Joe was saved that tragedy, however, for one of the men in the church in which the boy had been so active agreed to see him through till after graduation.

Joe's relief on that score was great. But another and unanticipated problem was developing. For all these years Joe and his wife had lived in happy harmony. She had not been strong. Indeed she had been subject to severe illnesses. However, these seemed to have been cleared up by an operation, and for the past five years she had been quite well. The news

of the loss of the job had been a blow to her, but she had taken it like a good sport. She had a world of confidence in Joe and was so certain that he would walk right into another job that at first she had not worried at all.

As the months went by, however, she began to be alarmed. The money was running low, and her courage seemed to ebb with it. For a while she had assured Joe each morning as he set out on his search that she knew this was going to be the day. And she really believed it. The happiness of anticipation buoyed her up.

But gradually her encouraging words faded into silence, and in place of the happy anticipation there developed a haunting dread. Suppose Joe shouldn't get a job? Suppose they had to go on relief? They would have to move . . . move away from this little flat that had been their home all these years . . . the relief agency would never pay this rent.

And suppose they couldn't even get on relief? People in the neighborhood said that it was plenty hard . . . that you had to wait weeks, and be investigated, and investigated again . . . that you had to sell most of your furniture first. The people who were lucky were the ones who knew the district leader. That wouldn't help Joe any. Joe knew him all right, and he knew Joe—knew that Joe had never

voted for the machine in his life. The leader would not be likely to do any favors for Joe.

Suppose they were evicted? Two families on the street had been. There had been no place for them to go so they sold their household belongings there on the street and just drifted away. She wondered what had happened to them. What would happen to Joe and to her? Why didn't he come home and say that he had a job? Maybe Joe was too proud. Maybe he only applied for a foreman's job. She would ask him tonight.

That night Joe came home tired, tired and angry. He had almost had a job and he had lost it because he was behind in his union dues and his card had lapsed. Joe had been paying dues regularly for years and this fairly burned him up. He had missed out on one job because he had been a member of the union, and now to have the union itself shut him out of another job—that was too much. He decided not to tell his wife. Why add this disappointment?

If only these two could have seen into each other's hearts as they met that night! But they couldn't. Joe was preoccupied with his anger and his wife was preoccupied with her dread—with that and with the questions she intended to ask Joe.

After supper was over, she ventured a query as to whether Joe would take anything that was offered.

"Of course I would," said Joe. "What do you think I've been looking for all this time?"

She misunderstood the anger of his tone, not knowing of the rankling experience of the day. She thought he was hiding the truth from her so she ventured again.

"Joe, I hope you don't just try to get a job as foreman. You must be willing to take what is offered."

Joe was silent, and as she waited for his answer the memory of that furniture on the sidewalk came to her mind. Fear again overwhelmed her, and she cried out, "Joe, you get a job. Get any job, but get a job and bring in some money. Don't be so proud."

Joe gave her one look, and walked out of the house. Tired as he was he walked a long way that night. He hardly knew where his body had been, so dark had been the despondency in which his spirit had moved. He let himself in late, and went quietly to bed, not knowing that his wife had cried herself to sleep.

They both lost their smiles after that, and each realized that the battle was much harder now that they were no longer standing shoulder to shoulder.

At the end of the year they were still in their home, but the rent was two months overdue, and they were threatened with eviction. They could per-

haps have saved six dollars a month by moving, but it would have cost them sixty to move. They didn't have the sixty. Joe had managed to earn some money from time to time. He had washed cars. He had had one or two repair jobs for people who had known him from the old days. He had worked several days as a laborer. But he had not had so much as a week of steady work. The boy stayed at the college during the summer. He had found a job that would earn his keep and a little more.

In time Joe and his wife got around to talking out their misunderstanding. Each found that the other had been particularly upset on the night of the outburst. They forgave and they agreed to forget. But the worry still burdened Joe's heart and the dread still hung over his wife. Those years took an awful toll.

It was the church that kept them from losing their home and going on the street. Joe had applied for relief, but after waiting for weeks, he knew that he wouldn't get it from the crowd that was in control. The church had raised money and given him work for six months. It was "made" work in truth. But it was constructive and Joe did his job with all his old-time pride. At the end of the six months, he got work in one of the hospitals, placed there as an emergency worker by the Citizens' Committee. Then

came the change in administration. The old crowd was cleaned out of City Hall, and relief was set up on an honest basis, while federal funds came in to aid the city. Joe got a WPA job, and that was not just a "made" job. It was a real job. In time he came to have charge of the repair shop for the trucks that were being used in building the new park.

He found that he could take even more pride in this work than in any he had ever done. It was no longer a case of matching his skill against the needs of a car that someone was going to use for private business or pleasure. Joe liked to think that he was helping to build that park, which would be a source of benefit to people long after he had gone. Every Sunday he and his wife would walk through the park to see how the work was progressing. There were to be playgrounds aplenty and comfortable benches for old people. Some day when he was too old to work this was where he would spend his time.

Joe is still there, turning out good work. But he is almost fifty years old now, and WPA can't go on forever. Joe and his wife are hardly the same people today. Both are thin and nervous and both have grown silent under the strain of always hiding their fears. Joe is constantly looking for other work, but it is the same old story: "Too old." And so he car-

ries with him always that great unanswered question: "After WPA, what?"

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

How many unemployed did the federal census indicate in your community?

How many are on relief? How many families? Single persons?

How many children under sixteen are involved? How many young people under twenty-four?

How many are on work relief? On home relief?

What do they receive?

How many unemployables?

What is being done to fit them for work?

What steps is your community taking to solve the relief problem?

Are the business men planning? The government?

Are the churches ministering in any way to the unemployed? Are they helping to keep up their morale?

Which is better for the unemployed, work relief or home relief?

11: NO JOBS

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD JIMMY SMITH LANDed in New York with just five dollars and fifteen cents in his pocket. He considered himself mighty lucky. In three days' time he had hitchhiked more than five hundred miles and he had spent only eighty-five cents in those three days.

Jimmy was looking for work. There had been none at all in his home town up by the Canadian border. Things were so bad, in fact, that his father for the first time in his experience had been cut down to three days' work a week. That meant in a family as large as the Smith's that there was not enough to go round. It meant that there was no spending money for Jimmy or any of the other children. It meant a shortage of food.

And so Jimmy figured it was time for him to get out and try to make the grade on his own. His mother had staked him to six dollars when he left. That was all that she could possibly scrape together. Jimmy was sure that it would be enough. He knew

that he would get a job right away. The city was so big that there must be plenty of work in spite of hard times. He had not been a bad scholar in high school and he was strong and willing.

Because it was after five o'clock when he reached the city, Jimmy figured that it was too late to start his search that day, so he hunted out a cheap hotel where he could get a room for fifty cents. He got a meal in a near-by restaurant for a quarter and then went out to see a movie. That was the last movie that Jimmy had a chance to see in many a month.

Early the next morning he started out to look for work. His first discouragement came when he bought a morning paper and saw the length of the "Situation Wanted" column and at the same time found that there was practically nothing under "Help Wanted." At any rate there was nothing in the paper for him —he made sure of that. Because it was a bright spring day and the city thrilled him, he decided to pass up the employment offices and go directly to some of the big stores. He had figured that one of them was the place where he would like to work.

As he walked along the street, his confidence grew. It didn't look like depression to him. He had never dreamed that any place could seem so busy—besides, the crowds he moved through seemed so well dressed. Then, too, the bright shop windows cheered him and

the unending rows of big buildings made him marvel at the wealth they represented. He felt quite important when he suddenly remembered that this was his city now.

Jimmy had torn out of the newspapers the names of some of the biggest stores. He had heard of one or two of them and the advertisements of others impressed him. One in particular appealed to him so he headed toward it. Going in the main entrance, he walked straight to the nearest counter and asked the clerk how he could go about getting a job. The clerk looked him over and answered:

"Son, if you want to know how to go about getting a job here—you'd better figure out a way to end this depression. They just let two hundred people out this week and it isn't likely that they will be taking any more on. Still, if you want to try, go around the corner to the entrance half way down the block and ask for the employment office."

Thanking her, Jimmy followed instructions, but when he got to the employment office he was told curtly that there was no help needed and that they weren't even receiving any applications.

Six times that morning, Jimmy heard practically those same words, and by that time he was beginning to realize that it might not be so easy to get a job as he had anticipated.

At the end of four days Jimmy's money was gone and he hadn't had a chance at a job. He had walked miles. He had asked hundreds of people. He had hung round employment offices and in the course of that experience he had picked up some interesting information. One afternoon when he was talking to a boy about his own age in the waiting room of a Sixth Avenue employment exchange, an angry man came into the room. He demanded the manager. The stenographer tried to put him off. The man insisted in loud tones that he would see the manager. A door opened and a thick-set man stepped out, asking gruffly who wanted to see him.

"I do," shouted the angry man. "You sold me a job a week ago and took ten dollars for it. In the first place it didn't pay what you said it would, and in the second place I just got fired. And I know why I got fired—the super next door told me. You've had six men in that job the last two months and you've got ten dollars from each one of them. I know your game—you're making a split with that foreman. Now I want my money back."

The manager walked up to him and told him to get out. "If you don't do it quick," he said, "there's plenty of us here to throw you out." At that remark two tough-looking individuals stepped out of the room from which the manager had just come. The

angry client looked at them and walked slowly out. Jimmy heard him sobbing as he went down the stairs. Later he was to learn of men who had paid their last cent for a job that did not exist. When they returned to demand their money, they had been thrown out.

Jimmy spent his last nickel for a ride in the subway. It had been too cold to sleep out and he had learned that you could ride all night in the subway if you wanted to. The next night he had to sleep out—cold or not. He couldn't get into the municipal lodging house and he didn't have a nickel for the subway. He found himself about eleven o'clock that night at the entrance to the small park behind the public library. As he stood there wondering what to do a man walked slowly past him into the park. Jimmy called to him and asked him where a fellow could sleep who didn't have a cent. The man shrugged and answered, "Where I sleep—I'll show you." Jimmy followed him up to the back of the big building and there he discovered to his amazement were scores of men lying on the stones or sitting with their backs against the wall trying to sleep. Most of them were young. Jimmy didn't sleep much that night, but at least he was out of the wind.

During the weeks that followed Jimmy went through hell. He lost weight. Constant walking made his feet blister and burn. Most of the time he ate

in bread lines. For two weeks, however, he washed dishes at night in a cheap restaurant. For the night's work he got two meals and twenty-five cents in cash. After the first night's work he sought out a ten cent flop house. He slept all right but was horrified in the morning to find that his clothing was infested with vermin. He got rid of these unwanted companions a few days later when he had his chance to get into the city lodging house, for there his clothes were deloused.

Meantime Jimmy had been learning fast. His native shrewdness had kept him out of trouble. A man whose looks Jimmy didn't like had tried to get him to peddle a strange brand of cigarettes which he referred to as "Reefers." He had first tried to get Jimmy to smoke one, promising him that he would get a great "kick" out of it. Jimmy walked away from him and afterwards was mighty glad he had when he found out that "reefers" were marijuana cigarettes and that they were being sold to youngsters looking for a thrill. Jimmy knew of two whose thrill came in two stages—the first was killing a cop and the second took place in the death house.

Jimmy also learned that there was plenty of work to be had if a young fellow wanted to go crooked. Time and again he was offered the chance to make good money stealing cars. Three times at least he

could have joined in a burglary, twice in a robbery. Once he had almost yielded, because he was so discouraged. He wasn't getting enough to eat. His clothes were just about gone and the chance of getting a job seemed hopeless. But something inside him had held him back. The next day he saw in the paper that the two who had made him the proposition had been caught.

Of course Jimmy could not be accepted by the regular city relief organization. He had not been a resident for a long enough period of time. All the resources of the private agencies were overtaxed with their ever increasing responsibilities for family case work. So Jimmy was forced at times to panhandle.

One evening he stopped an elderly man to ask him for the price of a night's lodging. The man asked him questions in a kindly tone. "Where had he come from?" "How old was he?" "How long had he been in the city?" Jimmy answered in a straightforward manner. Then the man took a little book of coupons out of his pocket, wrote something on one of the coupons, detached it and handed it to Jimmy.

"If you will go down to the Bowery Y.M.C.A., they will take care of you," he said, and as he turned away he added, "Good luck, son."

Jimmy went straight to the "Y," where he was interviewed and admitted.

That night he had the best sleep he had had in months. In the morning after a good breakfast he had an interview with the employment secretary. As a result he secured from time to time odd jobs that helped pay for the cost of his room and board, but he did not earn enough to do more than that.

Two weeks at the "Y" brought back Jimmy's self-respect, so that for the first time since he had come to the city, months before, he wrote a letter home. He did not tell them about the hardships he had been through, but he did explain to them that he had not secured any regular job and therefore had not been able to send any money home.

Three days later he received a letter from his mother begging him to come back home at once. Boys were being enrolled in the CCC and Jimmy would be able to get into the group from his home community.

Jimmy took the letter to the "Y" secretary for advice. He had had enough of the city. He longed for the sight of trees and for grass that he might walk upon, but he did not want to quit and run away. It was not very hard, however, for the older man to convince Jimmy that staying would not be a sign of courage, but rather of stubborn foolishness.

Five hours later he was in a bus on his way back home.

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

In New York City during April, 1937, approximately one-third of the youth between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four were unemployed. How many unemployed young people are there in your community?

Why are there fewer jobs per capita in a city like New York than elsewhere?

Would you go to a big city to look for work?

Do boys and girls who go to the city ever tell about their hard luck? Why not?

Are there employment agencies in your city? What fees do they charge? Are they regulated by law?

Should not work opportunities be handled at public cost?

What is marijuana? What effect has it? Is any sold in your city? Do your police know about it? Have you municipal narcotic agents?

12: THE WEAKLING

THE SOCIAL WORKER TURNED FROM THE phone with a rueful expression on her face. "Anthony's been fired again—drunk, of course."

"When did it happen?" asked her chief.

"Three weeks ago," was the answer. "But he wouldn't let Alice get in touch with me until today. Insisted that he could handle the situation, find another job and everything would be O.K. He hasn't found a job, of course. Last night he came home tight and, feeling a deep grievance against the world, he took it out on Alice and the kids. She took them to her sister's. He has just been there to tell her how sorry he is and how good he is going to be in the future. Incidentally he suggested that she might come here and make arrangements to tide over until he could find work."

"Is she coming?"

"No, I told her to have Anthony himself come."

"That was wise," responded the older woman. "But I don't know what can be done. Deliver me from

drunks and gamblers. Their cases are never closed and if there is a single form of misery which they fail to impose upon their families, I'd like to know what it is. But send for the records—let's refresh our minds on the details of their case."

When the cards were spread out before them they revealed a social case history dating back twelve years. The first contact had been made by Alice, who had come scarcely a year after her marriage to ask what could be done for them. Her husband had lost his job and she was expecting a baby. She did not tell them then that the husband, Anthony, had been fired for drunkenness. That fact had emerged later.

In those early days the records of the case were quite meager. Four years went by before another entry had been added. But after that second entry the data became increasingly extensive. It produced in time one or more difficulties involving every member of the family. There were records of sickness and hospitalization, of fighting and a venture into the Family Court, of food and clothing supplied and even of an emergency rent payment. As the children grew older their names began to be mentioned in connection with difficulties both in and out of school.

During these years Anthony had been fired from at least five good jobs by men who apparently hated

to drop him. They had given him every possible chance. The recurrent periods of disaster through which the family passed had left their permanent marks. The wife, Alice, had lost faith in her husband and in herself. Even when he was sober and hard at work she lived in the constant expectation that any day would bring the end of this particular period of fair weather. It was no wonder that this continuous experience had wrecked her nerves.

The children were sensitive and high strung. Their school work was erratic and their emotions unstable. Unfortunately the teachers had no daily record of the state of affairs at home or they might have realized why it was that such bright youngsters, who had proved that they were capable of excellent work, so often slumped exasperatingly. Perhaps the teachers could not have been expected to understand. Their classes were large and the system was geared to the task of teaching classes rather than individual children. This seemed to be all right for those whose nature and home environment were fairly normal. But it was disastrous for others—for the children of Anthony and Alice, for instance. And because the teachers sometimes bore down sternly just when things at home were at their worst, these youngsters had placed them in the ranks of the enemy.

Anthony was always good-natured when he was

sober. Usually he was so when drunk, but one night he had come home with a "fighting jag" on. That had been a night of terror in the home, and Ernest, the ten-year-old, had finally cried himself into a restless sleep troubled by frightening dreams. The next day, weary and worried and wondering, he sat in the classroom, his mind completely preoccupied. When the teacher called on him he did not answer. Her second attempt also failed to rouse him and his apparent oblivion brought an amused snickering from the class. Angered, the teacher walked down the aisle and, standing over the boy, berated him for his inattention. From that day on Ernest hated school. That particular incident had emerged later when the social worker was trying to get at the reason for the boy's too frequent truancy from school.

"Well," said the head worker as she put back the last card, "so much for history. I doubt if there is a tougher case on our records. The only thing that I can suggest is that we try to get Anthony voluntarily to enter the psychiatric ward and see what a psychiatrist can suggest."

This course was agreed upon. They were rather skeptical as to whether Anthony would come. But a few days later at the hour of appointment he was there.

Anthony seemed sincerely penitent this time. Per-

haps it was because he was having such difficulty in finding another job—or perhaps it was because Alice was threatening to leave him. It may have been that the humiliation of past experiences had become so overwhelming that by this time he was humble enough to be sincere.

At any rate he surprised the social worker who through the years had struggled to relieve the suffering that Anthony's periodic lapses brought to his family. He surprised her first by coming to see her. He surprised her in the second place by his willingness to follow whatever advice was given.

It was late in the afternoon when Anthony called. Quite frankly he confessed the whole story of his latest catastrophe. By the time he had finished that particular chapter he had warmed to his subject and drew upon his memory to set forth in order sundry of his preceding experiences of a similar nature.

The social worker listened quietly. There was no news in all this to her. By referring to her cards she could have given Anthony the date of each of his offenses. She was interested, however, in hearing Anthony's side of the story, although she put very little faith in his profuse expressions of repentance; and she wanted to find out what it was that made Anthony drink. She hoped that the long confession would give her some clue. But the story did not

tell her what she wanted to know, nor did the questions she asked, which Anthony answered with seeming willingness.

Finally the social worker led out. "Anthony," she said, "you know that I knew most of what you were telling me before you began. I think you also know that I realize what a hell you have put your family through. Now if you mean business, you will do this thing I am about to advise you to do."

"I do mean business and you bet I'll do it," came back the prompt answer.

"All right, then—I want you voluntarily to commit yourself to the psychiatric ward of the city hospital. I don't promise that it will cure you. Nothing will unless you really want it to. I believe, however, that it will help. Will you do it?"

Anthony got up out of his chair and walked over to the window. He was silent for quite a time; then turning back toward the room he took a deep breath and said, "I will. When do you want me to go?"

"Tonight," was the reply. "I'll fix it for you at the hospital and I'll explain it to the family."

That night Anthony went to the hospital by himself and was admitted.

Four weeks later the social worker was summoned to the hospital to receive a report. The doctor who had particular charge of Anthony's case received

her cordially and called for the records on the case. After glancing over them to refresh his mind he made the following diagnosis.

"This man has nothing strikingly peculiar about him. As a matter of fact, I should say that he is a fairly common type. What is interesting is his history. The records show that he was born when his parents were fairly well along in years. He was an only child and from the day he was born until they died when he was twenty-three years old he never had the chance to exercise any sense of responsibility. They made all his decisions. They checked all the details of his existence. They were fearful of what might happen to him and they sheltered him as completely as it was possible for human beings to do. So far as I can find out, he never offered them the slightest resistance. As a consequence he never developed any will power. He never developed any ability to make decisions. Incidentally, that is why he was so docile in meeting your request to come here. You said at the time he was admitted that you had been surprised at his willingness to come. Well, it's all part of a price.

"Now the record shows just that. You remember the circumstances of his losing his last job. He was working for a milk company, and on one of his days off he had taken over a friend's route as a favor.

That is characteristic of him. He is really generous, but partly because he doesn't like to say no. I venture the opinion that he doesn't say it once a week. Well, it was too bad for him that he took over this particular route because he ran into some old and not too beneficial acquaintances. He was leaving milk at their flat just as they had finished making some 'home brew.' They urged him to try it and of course he did. He took every drink they offered him—stumbled down to the wagon and really let the horse bring him home.

"If you were to study each one of his former experiences as I have, you would find them to be monotonously similar."

"But," queried the social worker, "what can be done for him?"

"Well," replied the psychiatrist, "he is pretty old to be taught to say no. The best thing to do would be to get him into an environment where saying yes wouldn't hurt him. I don't mean to suggest committing him to an institution. An institution wouldn't take him. He couldn't be committed and of course I wouldn't advise him to commit himself. If you can find a job for him where he won't be tempted, I believe he will prove to be a good worker. Not overbright, of course, but he won't make any trouble. He is due out in two weeks."

The next morning the social worker reported to her chief. "And this," she concluded, "is the doctor's prescription. Find him a job where he won't be tempted. Can you imagine it? It will be next to impossible to find him any job, let alone a job where he won't be tempted."

"Providentially," answered her chief, "I believe I know the job. Yesterday afternoon I met Dr. Jennings. He asked me to find him an elevator operator for the church house. Of course, I will have to explain—but if they will take Anthony on, it ought to fill the bill for him."

That was three years ago. Anthony is running that elevator still and his wife and children have had the happiest three years that they can remember.

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

What social agencies are there in your city?

Would it not be a good idea for your group to find out what each one is doing?

What are the laws in your community regarding the sale of liquor?

How many places are there in which liquor is sold for consumption on the premises?

What do the records of your police department show in regard to accidents caused by drunken drivers?

Has a man a "right" to get drunk?

How many employers would employ heavy drinkers? Gamblers?

Ask some doctors of your acquaintance if they know of any "cures" of hard drinkers.

Read Harold Begbie's *Twice-Born Men* (New York, Fleming H. Revell Co., 1909).

13: FORGOTTEN

MRS. BAKER HAD WORKED HARD ALL HER life. And now she couldn't work any more. She had liked hard work. She had worked hard as a girl. After her marriage she had worked hard in her home, making it as comfortable as possible for her husband and their two children. Because she had done things quickly and efficiently she had had time to spare, and she had given that time in hard work to the service of the community.

Hard work had been a boon when Mr. Baker died leaving her with Bill, aged twenty-one, a junior in the local college, and Marjorie, who was eighteen. It had meant transferring her interests outside the home, but Mrs. Baker was glad of that. She and her husband had been so devoted she could not have stood centering her life in the home to which he was not to return. Hard work had helped her to conquer the loneliness and it had made it possible for her to hold the home together until Bill had graduated and Marjorie had married.

Hard work had been her salvation a second time when Bill had been killed in an automobile accident and once more she had had to readjust herself to loneliness. As the years had gone by her capacity for losing herself in hard work had become even more precious, because Marjorie and her husband had prospered and had moved their home to another state. At first Marjorie had written quite regularly, and whenever she returned to the city she would come to see her mother. But as time passed the letters grew more rare, until they ceased altogether and so did the visits.

During the first two years after the letters and the visits were discontinued Marjorie still came to the city occasionally. Mrs. Baker knew from friends who had seen her that she had come at least three times. Thinking that of course mother and daughter had been together, they had remarked that Marjorie was looking stylish and had added that they supposed her husband must be very prosperous.

Mrs. Baker never admitted that she had neither seen nor heard from her daughter. The third time this happened, however, she swallowed her pride and sat down to write Marjorie a letter. It was just before Christmas and she could visualize the shopping expedition that had been the great attraction. First she wrote reproachfully. Then she tore that letter

up and tried again. Finally she mailed a letter which contained no shadow of reproach, but carried rather an affectionate Christmas greeting together with the hope that she might see Marjorie and her husband or hear from them soon. On the fourteenth of January the letter came back to her bearing the post office stamp, "Not at this address."

The first week in February was a miserable week. It rained and snowed and rained again so that it was almost continually sloppy underfoot. Early in the week Mrs. Baker caught a cold, but she kept right on going. She would not desert her most faithful companion, hard work. When she went out on Friday she knew that she had fever. She struggled through the day somehow and made her way home. While preparing her supper she fainted.

Her neighbor, Mrs. Phillips, coming in to borrow sugar, found her lying on the kitchen floor. She sent young Buddy Phillips running down the street to the office of the visiting nurses. A few minutes later the trim figure of a nurse entered the door. Immediately she took possession of the situation and went about her work with gentle efficiency. As she worked she asked Mrs. Phillips about the patient, inquiring if she had any family. Upon receiving the answer that Mrs. Baker lived alone the nurse said with decision:

"Then we've got to get her to the hospital!"

As she made the remark, Mrs. Baker recovered consciousness and answered the words herself:

"I can't go to the hospital."

For an hour the nurse wrestled patiently with that iron will. Mrs. Baker had never been to the hospital. Most of the people whom she knew who had gone there had died. She was going to get well in a few days. She had to get well for there was her work to be done and she mustn't lose her job.

Carefully the nurse explained to her that she needed treatment which under the circumstances only the hospital could give. She promised her that her recovery would be quicker. She assured her that there would be practically no expense involved. The head nurse would get in touch with her employer and make certain of the job. Mrs. Baker was unconvinced. Then the nurse tried a different tack. If Mrs. Baker remained in her home it would be necessary for one of the neighbors to stay by and take care of her. Mrs. Phillips quickly agreed that she would do so very gladly. That was the argument which prevailed. Mrs. Baker would not become a burden to Mrs. Phillips. She had never been a burden to anyone and if she had to be cared for she supposed she might better go to the hospital. And so the ambulance was summoned and Mrs. Baker was taken away.

Three weeks later she was back in her little flat.

She had had a severe case of influenza and she was impatient to find herself so weak. Reluctantly she consented to stay away from work for the three remaining days in the week, but on Monday she was back in her old place bright and early. As the days went on Mrs. Baker failed to recover her strength. She was forced to face the fact that she simply could not carry on as she had been accustomed. The manager noticed, too. He felt badly, because Mrs. Baker had been so faithful for many years. He hesitated to speak about it to her, but while he was putting it off one of the women whose job it was to clean the offices at night gave up her position. Immediately Mrs. Baker was transferred to the vacant place.

Because the pay was considerably lower Mrs. Baker was compelled to move. She had saved four hundred dollars but she was determined not to touch this money. It was terribly hard to leave the flat to which she and Mr. Baker had come when they were married; hard to leave the neighborhood to which she was so accustomed; hard to say good-by to the friends whom she had known all these years. Lately she had kept almost entirely to herself, but she realized that it had been a great comfort to her to know that they were there, and they had been good friends to her.

The night before she left she thought about Mar-

jorie. Ever since the letter had come back she had resolutely kept her out of her mind. Even when Marjorie had come to the city again and she had heard about it through a friend, who had seen her in a store, Mrs. Baker refused to think about the daughter who had apparently lost all concern for her. She understood that Marjorie felt herself superior to her mother and her old associations.

The move took Mrs. Baker far across the city. She never went back to the old neighborhood again. She didn't want her friends to see the section in which she was living. If she went to see them they might come to see her, and besides she had to conserve her strength these days. All of it must be husbanded for her beloved work. In the new house—it was an old tenement this time—she lived a solitary life. The people were friendly enough but many of them were of foreign birth, and when she did not respond to their first neighborly efforts, she was left alone. They realized that she was not snobbish but that apparently she was the quiet, uncommunicative sort.

For ten years she came and went quietly, living in her work and in her little home. She had never acquired the habit of reading so that most of her time at home was spent in tidying her rooms or in sitting quietly at the window.

When she was sixty-six she had another serious

illness. Just before the doctor sent her home from the hospital he had a long talk with her. The burden of his conversation was to the effect that she must no longer try to do any work. That was a terrific blow. She must never work any more! The words stunned her, but while she did her best to disbelieve them she had a great conviction that they were true.

For two days she sat in a daze—scarcely eating—lying down at night not knowing if she slept at all. On the third day she was roused by the realization of her necessity. She had her four hundred dollars in the savings bank. But that could not last very long and after that was gone . . . then she remembered the old age pension. There had been an old man . . . but where had he applied for it? She would go ask a policeman.

The policeman was very kind. He called her "mother" and put her aboard the street car, giving her careful directions. After a long ride she found the place without any trouble. The people at the welfare bureau, too, were very kind. They wanted so much to help her but they could not do anything until her sixty-eighth birthday. That was the law. The agent asked her if she didn't have any relatives. He was not particularly surprised when she told him that she had a daughter whose whereabouts she did not know. He was faced again and again with the

evidence of children who had conveniently left their parents to a lonely and penniless old age. He never ceased to be indignant about it, but there wasn't anything he could do if he could not find them or if they lived out of the state. Even if he located them, all he could do was to tell them what he thought of them.

Mrs. Baker went back and prepared to move again. She must find a very cheap place. Her four hundred dollars would have to last for sixteen months. She searched and searched and at last she came upon a small unheated hall bedroom which she could have for ten dollars a month, with the privilege of cooking over a one-burner gas stove.

She settled down there during the fall. When winter came the room was too cold for her to sit in all day long. She was forced to look for a warm place in which to spend her waking hours. At last she hit upon the waiting room of the railway terminal. After that, day after day the figure of this tired little old woman could be seen coming into the waiting room about nine-thirty every morning. She would always go to the same corner near the radiator. At noon she would take a sandwich out of her pocket and slowly eat it. At half-past four she would make her way slowly out again. She never read even a paper and she never talked to anyone. She just sat there.

On her sixty-eighth birthday she was given a pen-

sion from the state of twenty-six dollars a month. The rooming-house keeper didn't know it. The storekeeper didn't know it. The porters in the railway station didn't know it for she never altered her way of life a single bit. Only one person knew it—that was the bank clerk. For now when she appeared regularly once each month, instead of drawing out twenty dollars, as in the past, she deposited six. It had been a great relief to the clerk, for he had watched that little account dwindle until all was gone and he had wondered all month after the last withdrawal what would happen to her. But the next month she had come with her six dollars and as she had deposited it she had said, "Remember, young man, that's to bury me with." She still makes her monthly deposit and each time she says, "Remember what this is for!"

And so Mrs. Baker lives on, kept alive by a pittance, deserted by her daughter, a stranger in her neighborhood, a solitary figure in the big station waiting room from the first cold of fall until the warm days of spring. And the little room in which she spends her nights and in which she cooks her simple breakfast and supper over a one-burner gas stove is just as cheerless as her life—cheerless in summer, cheerless and cold in winter.

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

What facilities are there for the care of the aged in your community?

Has your state passed old age pension laws?

What is the allowance?

How many states have such laws?

How many pensioners are there in your community?

Where do they live?

How do they spend their time?

What community resources serve their leisure?

Are the churches making any effort to bring them into fellowship?

What could younger people in the church do to help lonely aged persons in need?

14: THE MASTER'S OWN PEOPLE

IRVING GREW UP SURROUNDED BY BITTER poverty. From the time he could toddle around the room there had been tasks for his hands to do. Always there was material for making paper flowers or cheap baseballs and no one in that house was ever idle—no one but the old grandfather who was no longer able to work.

Irving's earliest memory was a vivid one. It was of the first night when his mother had taught him to make flowers. How clumsy his little fingers had been and how much of the precious material he had spoiled. While he and his mother had worked, Grandfather had taken down the sacred book and had read to them from its pages. His tone had been sad and solemn like his eyes—like his face—like his whole frail figure as he bent over the great book.

That had been the first of a continuous series of such nights lasting for six years and broken only by the regular recurrence of the Sabbath and the occasional holy days. Sometimes they made flowers and

sometimes they made baseballs. Every so often Grandfather would close the book and tell stories of the past. Sad stories they were—sad like Grandfather's eyes.

There was that awful story that Irving would always remember—he would dream of it and wake up trembling. In the dark of the night when he lay awake it used to haunt him—and always he could hear Grandfather's voice as he told it.

"My child," Grandfather had begun, "the time has come for you to know this."

And then Irving had learned why he had no grandmother and why his father had no brothers and sisters. It had all happened in Russia many years ago. Irving's grandfather had been a successful merchant in a small way and there had been a happy home in which lived father and mother, three boys and two girls. It was in the ghetto, of course.

One night that ghetto had been turned into a hell. A mob had burst into it crying, "Down with the Jews." In the forefront of the mob had been a tall figure carrying a crucifix and shouting, "Death to the Christ-killers." Bolted doors had been no protection. They were merely battered down. The whole family was dragged into the street while the house was plundered. When the plunderers had ransacked the house they broke to pieces what they could not carry off and

then turned their passion against the family. Hours later the grandfather, recovering consciousness, had found that his wife, his older son, and his younger daughter were dead. The oldest girl was gone and only the littlest lad, Irving's father, was left. Within a few months the pathetic remnant of the once happy family had left Russia and crossed the wide Atlantic. They had settled at last in a large American city.

Irving's grandfather had never married again. He had barely managed to keep himself and his son alive by peddling. Irving's father was a pedlar too. He didn't carry a pack. He had a big pushcart. Early in the morning before the boy woke up his father was off to the market to bargain for his wares and it was always late, sometimes very late, when he came in at night. Irving only saw him on the Sabbath.

When Irving was six he started to school. He liked school. He liked the other boys for he was a friendly little chap and he had never had much chance to play. He had a quick mind and he expected to use it, for every week his father would tell him how important it was for him to learn all that he could.

Said he, "You are a Jew, and a Jew must know twice as much as others if he is to have half a chance." Then Grandfather would say, "Yes, my son, your father is right," and Irving would remember that awful story of Russia.

As a result Irving soon stood at the head of his class. This excited the jealousy of some of the bigger boys who were inclined to be lazy or perhaps a bit dumb. Moreover, Irving, like many other brilliant boys, was not too modest about his own record and this only made the situation worse. They began making fun of him. It was those boys who one day set an awful dread in his heart. For they brought into the American scene the language of the Russian tragedy. They called Irving a "dirty little Christ-killer." This is an epithet rarely heard in America nowadays, but it was fairly common at that time among children of parents who had come from Central European countries, bringing with them a heritage of racial hatred. Blind with tears of fear and anger Irving rushed home. Mother was out. Only Grandfather was at home. He gathered the sobbing child in his arms and slowly quieted him. He tried to tell him that while the boys would be cruel with their words and while all through his life he would find people like them, nevertheless this was America and the law would protect him and all Jews from violence if not from discrimination.

"My boy," he said, "you must love America and you must live for democracy, for in democratic countries lies the only hope of our people."

When he was ten Irving began his business career

outside the home. He started selling papers on the streets after school was over and the next day's lessons had been done. Alert and determined, he made more money than most of the boys, even the bigger and older ones. This brought him the same abuse that his brightness in school had done, but by this time Irving had learned to expect abuse. Driven from one corner by threats, he soon found another and stayed at it doggedly until the last paper was sold. Many a winter night he cried his papers into the bitter wind, shaking with the cold against which his inadequate clothing was scant protection. Again and again his toes, sticking through his broken shoes, were frost-bitten.

All the money that Irving earned his father and mother saved. They added to it as they could from the scanty household income in the determination that Irving should one day go to the university. The day came when this hope was realized.

It was somewhat different at the university. There were even Gentile students who admired his brilliance without becoming jealous. Several of them became genuine friends—but, of course, Irving was not asked to join their clubs or fraternities. And while nobody called him names or acted abusively, yet there was a general attitude on the part of the other students that made him feel that he did not belong.

It was so with all the Jewish boys except the few who were good athletes, and even they got only a bit more cordial treatment than their fellows.

Irving graduated with honors. Today he is a successful business man, outstanding in his community. His great store has the most progressive and satisfactory employer-employee relationship of any in the city. He is thoroughly respected in business circles. He is loved by those who are engaged in social work. His name appears regularly on the lists of those who are contributors to this or that cause. It is usually recorded for small amounts, but the social workers know that alongside of nearly every one of those small listed gifts there is a substantial anonymous contribution that has come from the same source. For instance, they know that among other things last summer he quietly sent a check to the Children's Society asking that they see to it that two hundred Negro children from destitute homes be given a good vacation at camp.

But while Irving is respected and loved by the majority of the community, he is not invited to join any of the exclusive clubs. Not that he would probably care to do so, but still he is shut out. He knows it, of course, knows that even if he joined a Christian church he would still find discrimination.

It has long since ceased to bother him so far as he

himself is concerned, but he lives in desperate dread of the day when his children shall be touched with the cruelty of Gentile hatred. To a Christian friend he once exclaimed, "Sometimes I could wish from the depths of my heart that there would descend upon this earth a storm that would sweep out of existence every man, woman and child of my race—only then would our suffering be at an end." He will not tell his children the story of that pogrom as his grandfather told it to him. He will not tell them of the persecution he himself suffered as a child. Against the fear stands the hope that somehow these things will pass.

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

How many Jews are there in your city?

What is the community attitude toward them?

Are they discriminated against in any way? Shut out from clubs, etc.?

Is there discrimination in the schools?

Is any anti-Jewish literature circulated?

Do Christian people practise discrimination?

(Suggest seeking answers to these questions from rabbis and other Jewish citizens.)

If you find that Christians discriminate against Jews, why is this done? And how do Christians explain their anti-Jewish attitudes?

Is any other group contributing more generously to community causes?

Has your group ever extended hospitality to Jewish young people?

Is there any effort to express friendly relations between Christians and Jews?

What can Christians do to manifest a spirit of brotherhood?

15: DISPELLING THE SHADOWS

THERE HAS BEEN NO EFFORT IN THIS BOOK to unfold the whole panorama of the city. Others will tell you, probably have told you again and again, of those things about which a city boasts. The name of any city with which one is familiar brings up in memory its skyline, its main streets, its centers of business or culture or pleasure.

But how many are there who know the areas across which morning and evening the shadows of tall buildings fall? How many have passed observingly along the side streets? How many are familiar with the great reaches in which poverty or the threat of poverty mocks modern luxury, in which environment aggravates every ill to which humanity is heir, and in which the fewest and the cheapest of material and cultural benefits are to be found? Or again, how many have stopped to think of the misery that may lie behind the proud façade of the stately mansion in which an over-abundance of material things has stifled the spiritual life of those who dwell therein?

It is well for us to remember that there is probably more courage to the square foot in the slums than in any other place. And there is abounding kindness. It was Dickens who said, "What the poor mean to the poor only God and the poor know." Dickens knew the poor.

I remember a man who, coming home after a fruitless quest for work, found an unknown neighbor's goods upon the sidewalk. The evicted family were just sitting there, dejected and helpless. The returning job seeker took the situation in at a glance, rolled a barrel to the middle of the sidewalk, placed a pan upon it, and appealed to everyone who came along the street. When money enough had been secured he searched the neighborhood until he found an available flat, paid a month's rent in advance, and then recruited a gang of men who moved the household possessions of the evicted family into their new home. After that he slipped away without even stopping to tell his name.

Just as there are courage and practical kindness so, too, there are happiness and love. But the handicaps are too great—the blight and misery and waste of life are tragic.

The people whom you have met in the foregoing pages are not creatures of the imagination—they are actual human beings. In some instances the details of

their stories have been somewhat altered. In no instance has a story been exaggerated. And they are not all dwellers in one city. Moreover, their counterparts may be found in any one of the 606 communities in the United States having a population of 10,000 or more—part of an aggregate population of more than 64,000,000.

Has not every city its lonely aged, its physically, socially, and economically handicapped, its neglected and delinquent children? Are there not in nearly every city one or more groups which suffer from prejudice and discrimination? It has been said that "every American community has its slums or substandard area." And every city has its impoverished families whose income is less than the amount necessary for the maintenance of healthy life.

These then are neighbors to us all!

While this suffering is more vast in extent than the average person realizes, yet of course it is not a new development in our community life. It has always been present and, thanks to the church, there has always been an effort to minister to it.

If you were to study the history of the process of ministering to human need in any of our older American communities, you would find three specific stages of development. In many newer communities the experience of the older has been taken over at

the point which it had reached when the newer began and so these stages might not be so clearly distinguishable.

1. The first stage was the period when the only organized effort to minister to human need was carried on by the church. The church fulfilled this function in three ways. It was, first, a center from which individuals went out, drawn by the love of Christ, to lend a helping hand and a sympathetic heart to their less fortunate neighbors. Second, its corporate strength was exerted on behalf of human need through its deacons or some other responsible group, who raised and administered funds and thus enabled the congregation as a whole to extend help to those who were in need. Third, it early came to see that some institutional development was necessary. In its attack on ignorance, for example, it needed the school. The first American schools were established by the church. Then, while many of the homeless aged and the orphaned were taken into Christian homes, the church had to make provision for others in special "homes" set up for this purpose. In similar manner the first hospitals were built and maintained by the church.

Before passing on to consider the second and third stages in the history of the church's approach to human need, we may pause to note that all through

the years the minister, by virtue of his pastoral office, has been a "case worker."

Since the rise of scientifically trained social workers with a professional consciousness, some conflict has developed between the social worker and the pastor. The social worker accuses the pastor of being oversentimental and unscientific in his methods. On the other hand, the pastor is likely to feel that the case worker is so scientific and efficient that human and personal values are forgotten. Probably to some extent both are right. The two finest case workers whom I know among a very wide circle of acquaintance are the minister of a large city church whose efforts are literally producing a cure of souls in his ministry to the individual overwhelmed with problems; and a social worker of long experience who was trained for the ministry and who knows when to throw technique and regulation out the window when the situation demands it. To him every case is a person.

Social work unpermeated by a religious spirit is a pretty cold and inadequate thing, because behind every human problem lies a deep spiritual need and to minister to the problem without ministering to the spiritual need is superficial—the treatment of effect and the neglect of cause.

2. The second stage in the American community's

ministry to its human need began to develop as towns grew into cities and as different denominations entered the community, each with its own program for human welfare. Where responsibility was divided there was a tendency for each group to devote itself to the service of its own members, and as a result there came to be in the community individuals and groups who were neglected and unserved.

To serve these groups the so-called non-sectarian agency developed. At first it was non-sectarian merely in its ministry. Protestantism is in most of the older communities committed to the principle that human need should not be religiously catalogued; that the duty of charity is to serve the individual regardless of creed or color. The non-sectarian agency resulted from the meeting of men and women of Christian good will across their denominational boundaries to set up a common effort to fulfill a common obligation to human need. In the life of a divided Christianity, when the love of Christ constrains men to service they find each other in a common task.

Today the non-sectarian social agencies are almost entirely independent of any church control. But they still depend on the church for their support. A few years ago, being thrown in with a man whose task was, and had been for some years, fund raising for charitable institutions across the country, I asked him

if he could tell me what percentage of the money contributed to charitable institutions and organizations came from church people. He told me that his records showed that ninety per cent of all the money he had raised had been contributed by church members. Most communities today are served by non-sectarian agencies. Let us not forget their dependence both in origin and in support upon the church.

3. The third stage in a community's ministry to human need is reached when the whole community assumes the responsibility; when definite welfare functions are assumed by government itself. This is suggested as the third stage not because it was the last to develop but rather because of late years more and more of the welfare tasks have been taken over by the city. As a matter of fact, this process began before the non-sectarian societies appeared. Almost at the start, for instance, the community as a whole and the state behind it took over the secular teaching function. Today city, state, and nation are committed to a broad program of social security.

The church is due a large share of credit here as well, for the action of the government along these lines is the result of the growth of a Christian conscience, which has brought the community as a whole to an active sense of responsibility for its more unfortunate members.

Today, therefore, in the average community, while there are still Christian service institutions and while the church is still carrying on a greater work than is commonly realized, the major part of the welfare program is operated by the government, in some instances, and by the independent agencies in others. Both Roman Catholic and Jewish groups in large cities maintain their own charity organizations, mainly for service to their own people.

FOR INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

What social welfare functions are performed by your city government? In the department of public welfare? In the department of health? In other departments?

What major non-sectarian agencies are there and what proportion of the welfare program do they carry?

By whom and when were they founded?

Are their workers church members today?

Do the ministers and social workers ever meet to confer on human problems?

What welfare work is carried on under definitely religious auspices? Protestant? Catholic? Jewish?

Will such organizations care for applicants of another faith?

16: THE CHURCH'S PART

WHAT PART THEN HAS THE CHURCH IN this field of community good works? Is its usefulness at an end? By no means.

In the first place, the church in many cities is today, even as in the past, pioneering in unmet needs. It is discovering unserved suffering. Sometimes it ministers directly to that suffering. Sometimes it helps the social agencies to expand their program to meet the need, and sometimes it challenges government to respond.

In the second place, the church as "the conscience of the conscience of the community" ought to be continually scrutinizing the service to human need in order to estimate its inadequacies and to seek to maintain its quality. It is not enough, for instance, from the viewpoint of Christian charity for a state to pay an old age pension. It should be discovered whether that pension is adequate for those whose entire support it must be. And again it should be discovered whether it is administered in the manner best calcu-

lated to preserve the dignity of the individual who is forced to depend upon it.

In the third place, no community through its welfare staff or through its social agencies is adequately staffed to do much more than serve the obvious material needs of individuals. Take Mrs. Baker, for instance, in the story entitled "Forgotten." All the state could do was to supply her pension. That was her minimum physical need. Over and above that was the need of friendship—of folk to take an interest in her and to lead her into group relationships. Or again, it is recognized by the best sociologists that in dealing with juvenile delinquents the voluntary "Big Brother" is indispensable. He is the man, you know, who gives his friendship to an ill-adjusted boy, wins his confidence, and helps him to become a normal lad.

There are churches which say definitely to their people that one of the requirements of Christian fellowship is service for which no material reward is paid. One church with which I am familiar has, in addition to those who give regular service in its own program, nearly one hundred and fifty members who regularly each week are working out in the community as volunteers in Christ's name. They are teaching the blind, working in hospitals, calling on the aged, leading groups in boys' and girls' clubs, helping out in other churches.

The Greater New York Federation of Churches has established a Volunteer Service Bureau. It is the function of this bureau to make periodic surveys of the community in order to keep an up-to-date record of available volunteer jobs, and then to help to fit the individuals who come as volunteers from various churches into the types of work for which they are best qualified.

In the fourth place, the church has something to give that the city and the social agency cannot give. That is the gift of a personal experience of, and relationship to, God. One of the wisest and most experienced of American social workers has testified that religion for those to whom it is real is the greatest resource of personality in the midst of suffering and adversity. A world-famous psychiatrist—and many others agree with him—has said that according to his experience over a period of thirty years those who come to him broken in morale and emotionally sick are without exception persons who lack a living religion. He adds that he has never seen any restored who failed to obtain such a religion.

Thus modern and scientific observation bears out the age-old claim that man is made for God and will find rest only in him. The church has Jesus Christ and he alone is inward peace and deep abiding security. "Thou only hast the words of life."

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Two fundamental branches of chemistry are known respectively as qualitative and quantitative analysis. Qualitative analysis answers the question "What?" Quantitative analysis answers the question "How much?"

This book has been an attempt to apply these questions in limited degree to the human life of a city. The stories have offered a qualitative representation of the human suffering, the inhumanity and the lack of a vital relationship with God, such as we must admit prevails generally in our city life. The questions are intended as helps to a quantitative discovery of the extent of these things in any particular community.

Is it a vain hope that if you have come this far, if you have read these stories, taking the author's word for their truth, if you have sought the answers to the questions and thereby come to see your city as you probably had not known it before, you have reached a personal decision to do what you can about these things? Can an individual be a Christian who has failed to reach that decision? Lay this book aside and read *Luke* 10:25-37 and *Matthew* 25:31-45 before you answer that question.

By these same tokens, can the church that is not

concerned, actively concerned, be called rightfully "Christian"? Is not one fundamental reason for the widespread indifference to the church a reaction on the part of the common man to the widespread indifference of the church to the vital concerns of the common man? "When Jesus beheld the multitude, he was moved with compassion." "Moved" is the word. He did something about it. How shall we convince the world of a God of love whose law is love and brotherhood if we in our lives as Christians do not manifest his constraint upon us to live in love and brotherhood? Should not the disciples of Jesus be concerned beyond all others for those who suffer, those who are abused and those whose hearts are empty of the saving knowledge of God?

WHAT THEN CAN BE DONE?

Here is your city! Here is the challenge of abounding need of body, mind and spirit! Here are not one but thousands lying wounded beside your Jericho road! What will you do?

Perhaps in the face of the overwhelming and staggering challenge the question to be asked first is, What resources have you? Singlehanded and in your human strength you are certainly unequal to the task —that is obvious. Confronted with that fact, many give up and do nothing. That is quitting, of course,

but it is tragically worse than that. It is death to the soul. Thereafter they may cry "Lord, Lord," thereafter they may go through the motions of Christian allegiance, but the answer is written in those two parables from the lips of Jesus.

But there are alternatives and blessed are those who find them.

THE OBVIOUS RESOURCE

There is, for instance, the church. Have you ever stopped to evaluate the church in your city? Do you know how many denominations and how many individual churches there are in your city? What is the aggregate of church members and what proportion do they make in the total population? Are the church forces of your city maintaining any organization through which they can face common problems and act upon common responsibilities, such as a federation or council of churches? If there is such an organization, does it have a vital program and is it realistically supported? Is there a working association of young people's groups? Do you find that your community looks upon the church as divided and competitive? What are the areas of action in which the churches could now work cooperatively?

It should be obvious from the answers to these questions that we must achieve some effective working unity. Not only does our disunity deny the an-

swer to Jesus' prayer in the seventeenth chapter of *St. John;* it bewilders the community and it renders the church in many ways ineffectual. Why cannot the young people's groups and the church congregations unite to meet the common task of taking the gospel to the whole community without disturbing the forms and the confessions of the individual church and the individual denomination? If we do not do this and do it quickly, how can we hope to make our city part of the kingdom of God?

Let these be our three objectives:

1. To minister as Christian individuals in so far as possible to all whose condition is a challenge to Christian friendliness.

2. To bring the common conscience of the church to bear upon community conditions that are unjust and that degrade life.

3. To carry the preaching and the teaching functions of the church out to those who are at present unreached.

MAKING PLANS

Why not start making plans in your own group—your own church? Here in your city are lonely aged, neglected children, misunderstood young people. How many members of your church are giving of their time in voluntary service to any of these groups? Is going to church and supporting church enough?

Ought not every church member to be doing regularly every week some act or acts of service?

Why not enlist volunteers in your church to visit the aged, to read to and teach the blind, to serve as "Big Brothers" and "Big Sisters" to wayward boys and girls, to work with the welfare societies and the hospitals in any of the many voluntary jobs which they would be glad to have you do? Is there a need for a day nursery or a club room for the lonely old men and women in your neighborhood? Why can't you start one or both in your church? What about the Boy Scout troop? Is there one? Are underprivileged boys enlisted in it? There are so many places where personal Christian service is desperately needed if we will open our eyes to find them.

As an individual group, too, can't you seek out and offer friendly fellowship to young people's groups in foreign-speaking churches, in Negro churches, in churches in underprivileged districts?

Can't you also start or strengthen the association of Christian young people in the various churches throughout the city? Can't you invite them to come together to form a united fellowship, to lay plans to bring your united influence to bear upon the various problems in the whole community? Can't you enlist others to join you in loyalty to Christ and in effort in his name? Can't you consult with your ministers

and church officers and urge them to set in motion steps for the creation of some sort of united church organization through which all the churches can act together in the face of their common responsibility?

You can do these things! There is no limit to what a group of Christian young people (or their elders, for that matter) can do if they will really surrender their lives to the leadership of Jesus in the fulfillment of his will for any community.

THE ESSENTIAL RESOURCE

Do not deceive yourselves—you cannot do these things in mere human power. If you seek to be Christian, it is Jesus' plan and Jesus' principles that you must carry out, and you will need the power upon which Jesus himself depended in order to do it.

It is not just a matter of thinking how things ought to be and then making them so. There are deep prejudices which cause much of the suffering and injustice in our cities, and unfortunately you will discover that many people who call themselves Christian, even many active church members, are ruled by those prejudices. It is just possible that you yourself are victimized by some of them. Do you ever use the words "Wop" or "Kike" or "Nigger" or "Bohunk"? Do you realize when you do that that you are show-

ing disrespect for another personality, voicing the mood of race or class prejudice? Prejudice is very widespread, and you can catch it without being aware of it.

There are not only prejudices to be overcome. There are many people who are self-satisfied; there are others who do not want to take the trouble; there are others who do not care; and there are still others who are taking selfish advantage of human injustice and exploitation. You will need God's help.

And the secret of Christianity is that you can have it if you are willing to accept Jesus as a leader and yield the absolute allegiance of your life to him. Do you think St. Francis or Luther or Carey or Wesley did what they did in their own power? These men were certain that they did not. And so were Moody and Phillips Brooks. And so is Kagawa and Schweitzer. So in fact are all those who really produce results. One and all, they say, "It is God who worketh in us." And God will work in you if you desire to have him.

Whenever throughout its history the church has been great and has swept on to new triumphs for humanity, it has been obvious to the careful observer that the church has been humble and reliant upon the power of God. "It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do." "I can do all things through

Christ which strengtheneth me." Those are still the only valid diagnoses of the secret of Christian power —the power that used St. Paul and St. Francis and Luther and Wesley and Moody.

The united strength and the united intellect of the church in any and in every community are utterly inadequate. We can be certain that unless we attempt these things in humble dependence upon the divine power and in continual endeavor to have that power renewed in our lives, our efforts will prove unavailing and we ourselves will grow weary and discouraged. It is the mystery of true Christianity that it taps an abundant source of power such as can be obtained in no other way. A prominent Jewish rabbi, after an objective study of Christian history, wrote these words:

> There is an explosive power in the Christian faith which can capture the souls of men in the calmest moment of their self-contentment, tear down their spiritual organization, and build it upon a new plan. The renunciation of the physical life and a sudden inner revolution are typical of the lives of the greatest Christians of history and seem to be essential characteristics of Christianity.
>
> To a world drugged by the flesh, blinded by pleasure, Christianity, if it can find its voice, will always have a message to proclaim. And it will always find the strength to proclaim it. It has inner resources of power. Its energy cannot be calculated. The faith which converted Paul and Augustine, Francis and Luther may convert anyone

at any time. Christianity may yet manifest its explosive power, awaken a flesh-sodden age to the joys of the spirit, and make it willing to count the world well lost if it can only regain its soul.

This is the strength and the promise hidden in the historic "city" which has been "built on a hill" by its apostles, philosophers, statesmen, and saints.[1]

God's power flows in through the channels of human hearts, first through individuals and then unitedly. God's power is manifest only where life and effort are consecrated in his purposes.

If you have been challenged by this human need and filled with the desire to do something about it; if you have so clearly caught the vision of what Christians working together might do that you realize that Christian unity is the most essential thing in our world and the only means for the world's salvation—then remember that these things will not be unless we first find a unity in our own hearts with God and unless we are possessed by his power.

How can we obtain this? Not by self-effort, let it be emphatically said. Not by first seeking of ourselves to be thoroughly good, for the strength is not in us. We can attain it by the equivalent of a process by which a man enlists in an army—for the soldier who enlists surrenders himself, gives himself in abso-

[1] From *Stormers of Heaven,* by Solomon B. Freehof. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1931.

lute allegiance. Thereafter he obeys orders and depends upon the army to care for him.

So it is with our allegiance to Christ. We do not wait to become something—we turn just as we are and we ask him to take possession of us. Thereafter constantly we renew that invitation with the promise of ourselves to him and with the request that his will may be made plain to us and his power may enable us to do that will. And when we seek to accomplish any purposes which we may have formulated as we faced together the suffering and injustice and the heart-emptiness of our communities, we do not rush out blindly to accomplish them in our own way. We first ask God for the power to do them, for his guidance that we may use no methods other than his own, but test everything by the law of love. We do these things as individuals and we do them as groups.

The proof of these things comes from the experience of trying them. Will you as an individual make the attempt? Will you kneel down in the quiet of your own room or in some other place apart, and make the surrender of your life to the leadership of Jesus? Will you ask him to take all of you—body, mind and spirit, desires, emotions, feelings and understanding? Will you ask him to make you what he would have you to be? Will you give to him your strength and your weakness? Will you ask for a renewal of the

courageous and active obedience to Christ's leadership on the part of the church? Will you lift up to him the suffering, the injustice and the godlessness of your community and will you ask him what he would have you do? Then will you wait quietly? For prayer is not just talk, it is listening and afterwards obeying, carrying out in life God's purpose for you.

Then will those of you who have enlisted individually with Jesus in his purpose to make your community a place of brotherhood and justice, make provision for common dedication to him in each common effort which you undertake?

We live in a desperately confused and suffering world. Our happiness is bound up with that of our fellows; things will not right themselves. Hate and fear will not vanish automatically. What is needed is a Christian crusade in love to conquer the world for Christ, which is only another way of saying to bring in the reign of brotherhood. For you and for me that must begin in our own community. We cannot achieve it by force or by regulation. We can achieve it if we seek to do so in the power and spirit of the Master.

Will you enlist and dedicate your life to the task of dispelling the city shadows by the light of his life?

O Holy City Seen of John

O holy City seen of John,
  Where Christ, the Lamb, doth reign,
Within whose four-square walls shall come
  No night, nor need, nor pain,
And where the tears are wiped from eyes
  That shall not weep again!

. . .

O shame to us who rest content
  While cruel greed for gain
In street or shop or tenement
  Wrings gold from human pain,
And bitter lips in blind despair
  Cry—"Christ hath died in vain!"

Give us, O God, the strength to build
  The City that hath stood
Too long a dream, whose laws are love,
  Whose ways are brotherhood,
And where the sun that shineth is
  God's grace for human good.

. . .

W. Russell Bowie

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